Vol. CXL. No. 1821

THE BYSTANDER November 9, 1938.

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The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

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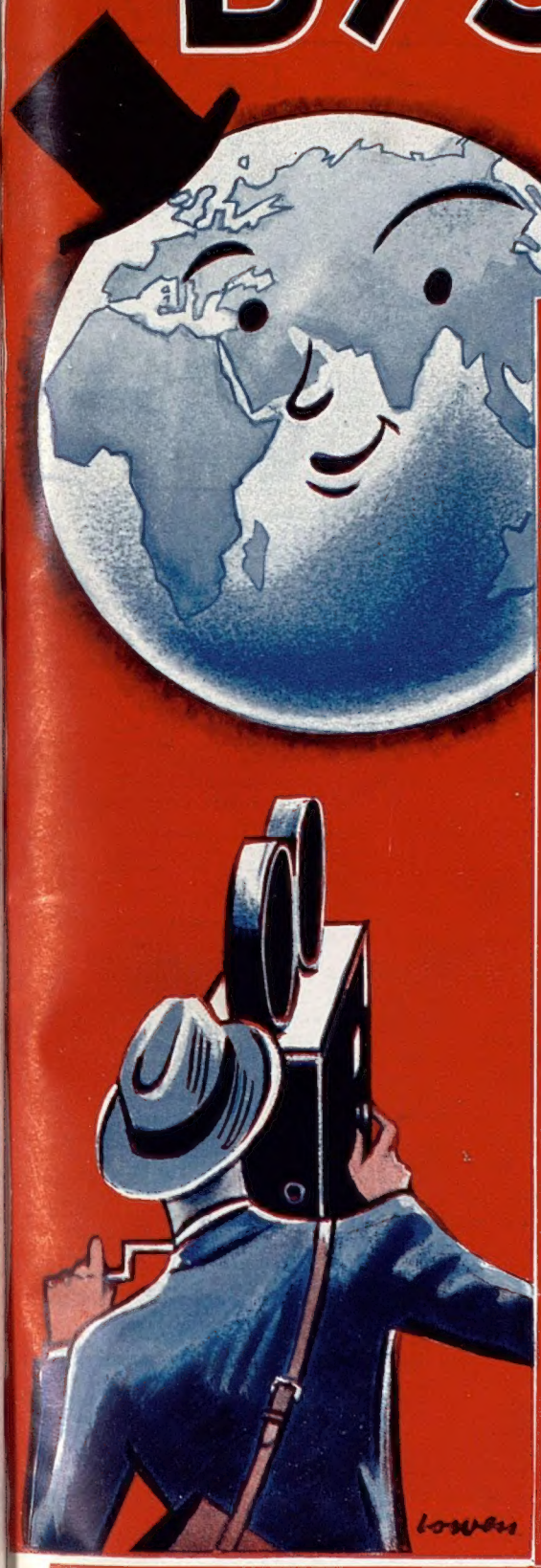

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 9—November 15

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—Elizabeth and Katriona Sprigge's play about the Hungarian Empress has Wanda Rotha in the name-part, Richard Ainley and Gyles Isham: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The Old Vic company in a Guthrie modern-dress production; Alec Guinness as the Prince: Old Vic, 7.15 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 1.45.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Lee Tracy and Tamara Geva are two of a mixed bag caught in Armageddon: His Majesty's Theatre, 8.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

A PARTY FOR CHRISTMAS.—Milton Rosmer and Sydney Fairbrother head the cast in a light-hearted comedy: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esmé Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.—Nancy Price presents this Dekker comedy with Edmund Willard, Mabel Constanduros, Harold Warrender: Playhouse, 8.15, Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT.—Richard Bird and Vivienne Bennett lead in a good murder play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by an excellent cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WHITE GUARD.—How the last poor remains of Tsarism are submerged in the Red waves; exciting, tragic; Peggy Ashcroft, George Devine, Marius Goring: Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

Marian Daniels

Is one of the "Folies Superbes" at the London Casino and was lent by the management there to appear at the Advertising Association's banquet at the Dorchester on Monday, at which Lord Southwood presided

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 112.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop)

ROYAL VARIETY.—The Command Performance: Coliseum, to-night, 9th.

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Henri Decoin directed his wife, Danielle Darrieux, and Charles Vanel in this: Studio One.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (American).—Errol Flynn is just the man for Robin, Basil Rathbone is the wicked Sir Guy, Olivia de Havilland is Marian in Warner's super-pseudo-English historical: Warner.

BLACK LIMELIGHT (British).—Joan Marion, Raymond Massey, Walter Hudd in the screen version of the stage thriller: Regal.

LE BONHEUR (French).—Charles Boyer is teamed with Gaby Morlay in Henri Bernstein's most famous play-made-film: Curzon.

CAREFREE (American).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are back together again in a carefree plot and setting: New Gallery.

IF I WERE KING (American).—Colman gives a subtle performance as Villon, Basil Rathbone as the shuffling Louis: Plaza.

KATIA (French).—Danielle Darrieux's newest part is of the exuberant wife of Alexander II. of Russia; a second but different *Mayerling*: Academy.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (American).—A grandiose Hollywoodian Versailles is the setting for Norma Shearer's unhappy Queen; Tyrone Power, Robert Morley: Empire.

MEN WITH WINGS (American).—An enthralling history of flying made personal, with Roy Milland, Fred MacMurray and Louise Campbell: Carlton.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Corinne Luchaire and some starlets are reformatory girls under Edna Best's tutelage: Marble Arch Pavilion.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS (British).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook repeat their parts of *Victoria the Great* in Herbert Wilcox's re-made historical: Odeon.

THERE GOES MY HEART (American).—Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, in a crazy pot-boiler: London Pavilion.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont.

ZAUBER DER BOHEME (Austrian).—Jan Kiepura and Martha Eggerth play Rudolpho and Mimi in a film which does justice to Puccini's opera: Berkeley.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARMEN.—To-night, 9th, 8.

NOCTURNE, HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, CHECKMATE.—Thurs., 10th, 8.30.

TANNHÄUSER.—Fri., 11th, 7.45.

RENDEZVOUS, HOROSCOPE, HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET.—Sat., 12th, 2.30.

AÏDA.—Sat., 12th, 7.45.

LAC DES CYGNES.—Tues., 15th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Goossens conducts in his "Two Nature Poems" (first performance in London), Stravinsky, Schumann and Beethoven: Queen's Hall, to-night, 9th, 8.15.

THE PRAGUE PHILHARMONIC.—Rafael Kubelik conducts in a Berlioz, Franck, Smetana, Dvorak programme: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 10th, 8.30; and a Smetana, Martini, Dvorak, Novak programme, Queen's Hall, Tues., 15th, 8.30.

SIBELIUS FESTIVAL.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in the 4th and 7th Symphonies, violin concerto in D minor (Telmanyi), and legends: Queen's Hall, Fri., 11th, 8.15; and in serenades, suites, Valse Triste, etc., with Ignatius: Æolian Hall, Sat., 12th, 8.15.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—Reginald Goodall conducts in a Haydn, Mozart, Schubert programme, with Joan Cross, Webster Aitken, John Simons: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 13th, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Anthony Collins conducts in Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, Elgar's violin concerto in B minor (Albert Sammons), Sibelius' 2nd Symphony: Queen's Hall, Mon., 14th, 8.15.

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No. 1821. Vol. CXL.

The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

The Countess of Shrewsbury

Here is a new portrait of the attractive dark-haired wife of England's and Ireland's premier Earl. She and Lord Shrewsbury were married in the spring of 1936, have a London house in Cadogan Gardens as well as the family place near Stafford, Ingestre Hall. She was Nadine Crofton, and is the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. Cyril Crofton, of Trobridge, Crediton, Devon

***Civilian defence** is the new responsibility of Sir John Anderson. His first speech as Lord Privy Seal and Cabinet Minister was well received by the House of Commons, as was the appointment of this able and resolute man by the country. He is fifty-six, and a Scot*

***Finance** in France has found its strong man in M. Paul Reynaud, whose tremendous intelligence, resource, and courageous independence have been pitted against the "truly appalling task" of producing a complete financial programme for his country in five days*

***Public relations** with the War Office gave Mr. Hore-Belisha another inspiration as a "talent-scout." He chose Major John Hay Beith to succeed the late Major-Gen. Alan Dawnay, and made him a Major-General (honorary) on the spot. "Ian Hay" began his new work last week*

***The War-Disabled Men's Exhibition** was opened at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, by the American Ambassador last week. It comprises goods made by ex-Servicemen and their dependants. Major-Gen. Sir John Kennedy, chairman of the exhibition (seen here with some exhibitors), suggests in his appeal for support that every visitor buy at least one Christmas present there, thus shopping early and doing a good deed at the same time*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Prime Minister's first speech in the new session of Parliament contained two main subjects. He defended his foreign policy of European appeasement, and he described the Government's plans for the defence of the country.

THESE plans for defence against air-attack envisage a great voluntary effort. There will be no conscription or compulsion, and Sir John Anderson, the famous ex-Governor of Bengal, is to be the head of civilian defence, to control and co-ordinate the whole of A.R.P., and to organise "the national voluntary effort." Sir John's rise to Cabinet rank is reminiscent of the meteoric careers of the brothers Geddes during the war. The Geddeses bounced from job to job in the most extraordinary way, and, so far as I remember, often were admirals and generals simultaneously.

MORE and more the muddle of A.R.P. is being exposed, and Mr. Hore-Belisha's admissions in the House of Commons are really alarming. The early days of the South African War were a pretty fair bungle, but I doubt if anything quite so bad as the organisation of our defences in 1938 has been seen since Florence Nightingale exposed the state of affairs in the Crimea. It is possible to excuse the absence of enough guns on the ground that there was inefficiency at the War Office two or three years ago, but there is no shadow of excuse for sending out what guns we had with the wrong ammunition; nor is there the shadow of excuse for sending out guns without the essential overhauls. As for Mr. Hore-Belisha's statement that a number of guns had to go without dial-sights owing to the bankruptcy of the firm which was making the sights, that is one of the most powerful arguments I have ever read for the nationalisation of essential war industries. Either the manufacture of essential parts for guns should be in the hands of the State, or else the State should heavily subsidise the private factories, which pretty well comes to the same thing.

AT last the famous guarantee of Czechoslovakia which was contained in the Munich Agreement has been explained. The Prime Minister said in the House: "We never guaranteed the frontiers as they existed. What we did was to guarantee against unprovoked aggression—quite a different thing. That did not mean that we gave our seal to the existence of frontiers as they were then, or at any other time. Our guarantee was against unprovoked aggression and not crystallisation of frontiers."

THE Anglo-Italian Pact is going to be ratified at last. The ratification depended from the very beginning on the meaning of the word "settlement." Mr. Chamberlain all along has said that the Pact would not be ratified until there had been a settlement in Spain, but he always refused to define exactly what he meant by a settlement. Now it appears that the withdrawal of ten thousand Italian infantry from Spain is regarded as sufficient of a settlement to enable the Prime Minister to ratify.

BERLIN continues its policy of persecuting the Jews, and the latest attack on the Polish Jews is causing untold misery. In the last month or two, Polish-German relations were greatly improved in proportion as the prestige of France in Central Europe waned. Now the German method of violent expulsion of so many Polish citizens is causing a strong revulsion of feeling in Poland.

THE sinking of the Spanish ship by Franco's raider was an extraordinary affair. It is a matter of considerable interest to discover where Franco got his raider from. It is not a ship that belonged to any part of the Spanish Navy. It may, however, have been built in Franco's yards at Ferrol during the last two years. If it turned out to be of foreign manufacture and therefore to have been supplied by a foreign Government to Franco, it would be rather awkward for the Non-Intervention Committee.

LORD STANHOPE, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, said in the House

of Lords that the man he blamed more than anyone for the position we were in to-day was Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill in a reply points out that he has not been in office for ten years, and that the National Government has been in charge for the last seven years, and he thinks Lord Stanhope's statement, therefore, is silly and inept. It will be interesting to see how Lord Stanhope answers. A friend of mine the other day said that the state of our defences was due to Mr. Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. I thought that that was pretty silly and inept too.

THE Scottish Office has been puzzled why there is such a scarcity of nurses, and it has come to the conclusion that there is quite a variety of reasons. Long hours is one. Miserable wages is another. Too much discipline, too much domestic work, too little time off are others. And when you realise that the Scottish Office recommends a reduction of hours to 96 per fortnight, and an increase of initial salary from £18 to £30 per annum, you may begin not to wonder at the scarcity of trained nurses.

ANOTHER very odd wage-scale comes from the Ministry of Health. Managers of local authorities' housing estates ought to be trained in the working of Health Insurance, Old Age Pensions, and National Savings; they ought also to know about rents and wages, scales of nutrition, economics, housing law, local government, law of landlord and tenant, building and sanitation, costing, and book-keeping. Women, adds the Ministry, would be especially useful, and a "reasonable scale" would be from £200 to £300 a year.

HISTORY, I 'm afraid, will record that the only vestige of human or moral progress achieved during this century has been in the sphere of medical science. Last year the rate of maternal mortality was the lowest ever recorded. It fell to 3·13 per 1000 births. For the first time the actual number of deaths was less than 2000. Medical science is also keeping men at work till later in life. From 1800-1838 five of the ten Prime Ministers were under fifty. From 1900 to 1938 not one of the eight Prime Ministers was under fifty.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE does not propose to set up a committee to investigate the working of football pools and to see whether some form of State supervision might not be necessary. The Home Secretary's view is that pool promoters pay their full quota of taxation, and that is enough.

SOME committee or other has been investigating the way in which coal is distributed in this country. Some very odd things came out in evidence. It is cheaper to send coal from London to Harwich by way of Antwerp, than direct from London to Harwich. It 's cheaper to send from London to Folkestone by way of Boulogne than direct to Folkestone.

LORD NUFFIELD's new slogan, "Work harder for Britain," is a good one, and it would be better still if there were not so many thousands of men and women who would like to work harder but who have got no jobs to work at. In spite of the tremendous drive for rearmament, unemployment figures continue to be tragically high.

Mr. Pirow and Mr. MacDonald: *the visit of the Defence Minister of the Union of South Africa was last week's most important event, but was overshadowed at a time when the Dominions and Colonial Offices have been rolled without any ado into one, by our own defence fracas. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, first Dominions and Colonial Secretary and still the youngest member of the re-made Cabinet, had the job of welcoming and conversing with Mr. Oswald Pirow; their discussions included South Africa's defence, position in the event of European war, attitude to German colonial claims*

THE Cannebière in Marseilles, where the appalling fire raged last week, is one of the most famous streets in the world. If you sit in a café for an hour and watch the people go past, you will see perhaps thirty or forty different nationalities—yellow men, black men, brown men, red men—they come drifting up from the port at the end of the street. When a P. and O. liner arrives, great hordes of pukka sahibs and memsahibs can be heard chattering Hindustani to the waiters, under the impression they are talking French. While the fire was raging, not one newspaper that I saw quoted the famous saying of the proud people of Marseilles: "If Paris had a Cannebière, she would be a second Marseilles."

THE moral of the United States "war" panic is the terrifying power of wireless as a means of propaganda. Here is a machine which can suddenly make the quiet, sane folks of New England villages honestly believe that Martians have descended out of the sky upon Trenton, New Jersey, and are slaughtering and devastating. It is one of the secrets of totalitarian power that the Dictator controls the radio.

THE tenants of the Duchy of Cornwall have recently assembled for the annual Forest of Dartmoor Audit Dinner. But surely one of our great organs of public opinion was a little tactless in saying: "Farmers and moormen from all parts of Dartmoor were the King's guests at the dinner." Surely there are some guests of the King in one part of Dartmoor who were not allowed to come out for the occasion.

Katriona and Elizabeth Sprigge are joint authors of "Elisabeth of Austria," the new historical play at the Garrick. They are the daughter-in-law and the daughter of the late Sir Squire Sprigge, editor of the "Lancet." Katriona Sprigge belongs to the family of Muspratt, of Seaforth Hall, Lancs. Elizabeth Sprigge is already known as a novelist. Angus McBean photographed them

Sisters-in-Law and Playwright Collaborators

News Reel

Talking about a Ballet for January

Ninette de Valois and Sir Reginald Rowe were at the at-home at Lady Dunglass's house in Eaton Square, at which the premiere of the Sadler's Wells production of the great Petipa-Tchaikowsky ballet, "The Sleeping Princess," was announced. It is being given at the Wells in January in aid of the Housing Centre

Following the Fashion She Set

Suzanne Eisendieck, whose one-woman exhibition is at the Leicester Galleries, is the heroine of one of to-day's romances in art. A Danziger by birth, she went to Paris to paint, but only succeeded in starving, until Dietz Edzard discovered her, brought to her first food, later success, finally marriage. She is said to be responsible for the return of Edwardian hat styles

Grace Moore's Flying Visit

Grace Moore gave her only recital in London this season at the Albert Hall last week in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End. She arrived in England three days before it, practised with the pianist, Walter Rummel, and took a photocall with him, flew off to Paris the day after the recital to continue the film of Charpentier's "Louise"

Inside Information

Princess Marthe Bibesco attended the premiere of "Katia," made from her novel, "Démon Bleu," at the Academy last week. It tells the story of Alexander II. of Russia's morganatic marriage with Princess Catherine Dolgorouky. Princess Bibesco was in a good position to write her novel; related to most of Europe's royalty, she had a Dolgorouky godmother

On the right are Anne Simpson, of New York, Serge Lifar and Natalie Krassovska, of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, dancing the Lambeth Walk ("oi" stage) in the ballroom of a Manhattan hotel

Seeds in the Garden

Sir William Seeds' appointment to the Embassy at Moscow will mean a change for him from the pastoral life at Fairfield, Lymington, in whose garden he was photographed with Lady Seeds. But he is used to change, having started a carrière de diplomate in 1904 and served in eight countries. He succeeds Lord Chilston

Departure for America

Lady Peel, better known as Beatrice Lillie, was one of last week's departures for America, and London café society will be the poorer for it, both socially and cabarettically. In the States, she is to appear in the Coward revue

Borrowing from the Men

These mannequins, posed at the Women's Fair which opened at Olympia last week, are called "Bond Street Yesterday and To-day," and that title, when carefully considered, seems as good as any other for two masculine fantasies

A Motor Magnate Turns to Biscuits

Lord Nuffield was the guest of honour at the opening of the new Weston biscuit factory at Llantarnam, Monmouthshire, and it was his job to open the factory. Here Mr. Garfield Weston, hands him ceremonially the key, typical of the excellent showmanship and organisation of the ceremony

Ballet Dancers Turn to the Lambeth Walk ↓

J. B. Priestley's Stage Debut

When Frank Pettingell, playing in Priestley's "When We Are Married," was injured, the author volunteered for the part. Priestley rehearsed hard (as in this picture with Patricia Hayes), gave a hearty rendering of the part, especially in the singing scene. A photographic review of the play, taken before Mr. Pettingell's injury, appears on pages 216-217

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

Captain Fox and Miss Orr Ewing

Captain Wilfrid Michael Fox, Coldstream Guards, and Anthea Helen Orr Ewing were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and have gone to Morocco for their honeymoon. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Fox, of Mainfield, Ightham, Kent; she is the daughter of Ian Orr Ewing, M.P., and Mrs. Orr Ewing, of 15, Prince's Gate, S.W., and the Cottage, Wraxall

Mr. Brian Adams and Miss Elizabeth Ann Hornung

Brian Newton Adams is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Adams, of 37, Melbury Court, W., and Elizabeth Ann Hornung is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Hornung, of Glebe House, West Grinstead. They were married by the Bishop of Chichester at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Miss Gertler, Lord

Lord Howard of Effingham. the Earl of Effingham. wife, Maria Malvin office, and they flew

WEST-END FILM

The Paget

Celia and Mamaine Paget went to the premiere of "Room Service" at the Odeon, in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, are with Sir Michael Bruce

ON THE CHARITY LIST

Lady Howard de Walden and Miss Priscilla Other-Gee

Lady Howard de Walden and Priscilla Other-Gee (far left) are president and vice-president of the Rio Ball in December at Grosvenor House, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

The Hon. Mrs. Ashley, Lady Louis Mountbatten

Lady Louis Mountbatten and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Ashley (left) were at a dress show in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, over which Lady Louis Mountbatten presided

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Howard of Effingham

ham is the elder son of He married his Hungarian Gertler, at Marylebone register to Paris for their honeymoon

Miss Lewis and the Hon. Jock Skeffington

John Whyte-Melville Skeffington, the only son of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, of Antrim Castle, and Knock, Isle of Mull, and Annabelle Kathleen Lewis, daughter of Mrs. Henry D. Lewis, of Combwell Priory, Hawkhurst, Kent, announced their engagement last Thursday

Miss Llewellyn and Lord Ranfurly

The Earl of Ranfurly and Hermione Llewellyn have recently announced their engagement. His home is Digby House, Melton Mowbray, and hers is at Princetown, in Devon

PREMIERE

Twins and Sir Michael Bruce

Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky and Miss Mansfield

The "Lifeboat Girls" on the left are Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky, Gordon Selfridge's granddaughter, and Veronica Mansfield. They were selling for the R.N.L.I. at the "Room Service" premiere to which the Duchess of Kent went

SUBURBAN FILM PREMIERE

Lady Hamilton and Lady May Abel Smith

The Marchioness of Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn's daughter-in-law, and Lady May Abel Smith went to the Granada Cinema, Clapham, for the premiere of "Letter of Introduction"; it was given in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road

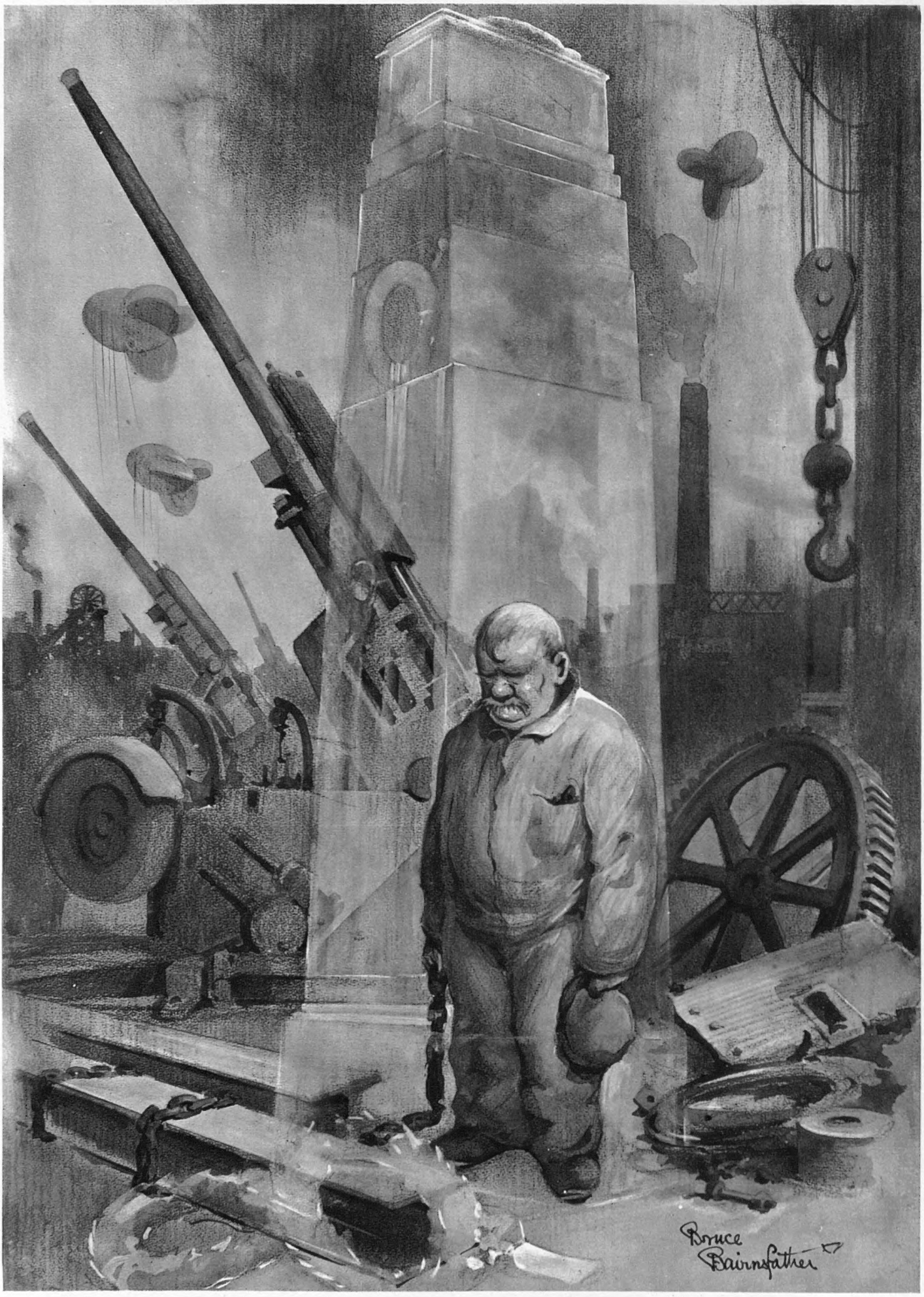
TWO CHRISTENINGS

Merlene Burke, Her Mother and Grandfather

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Burke's second daughter was christened Merlene Jennifer at St. John's, Smith Square, with Princess Marie Louise as one of her godmothers. Mrs. Burke is the only daughter of Sir Henry Norman (right), and was married in 1936

George Seymour and His Mother

Lord and Lady Carlow's first-born was christened George Lionel Yuill at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, with the Duke of Kent as a godfather. Lady Carlow was Peggie Cambie



Specially Drawn for the BYSTANDER *by Bruce Bairnsfather*

At the Eleventh Hour

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 95

John Cobb

It doesn't seem to me to be a coincidence that an Eton boy who lay on his back for eighteen months between the ages of sixteen and eighteen was the first human being, later on, to do 350 miles per hour on land. Some people capitalise their liabilities. Others find that natural reactions unconsciously beget the strongest motives. John Cobb is a case in point. Born on December 2nd, 1899, in Surrey, he was educated at Banstead Hall and went on to Eton, where he was kicked in the spine at football; hence the eighteen months on his back. In 1919 he went up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he bought his first motor-bike, a T.T. Norton. True, he drove his father's motor-car at the age of twelve (a Prince Henry Vauxhall, the forerunner of the 30-98). But it wasn't until two or three years later that he owned his first motor-car—a ten-horse-power air-cooled A.B.C. After Cambridge he went into insurance with Willis, Faber and Co. (now Willis, Faber and Dumas), specialising in non-marine risks and motor-cars. For he did not go straight into the family business of Anning and Cobb, fur brokers of ninety years' standing, of which he is now a partner.

It was the late Parry Thomas who introduced him to Brooklands, first as a passenger and later permitting him to drive his own cars. That was in 1924. John Cobb, I must tell you, is a big man, weighing over fourteen stone, and broad in proportion. That's why he has always been interested in big cars and finds the small ones so damned uncomfortable. So it was that he drove a number of Leyland-Thomas cars, later graduating to his own Napier-Railton, with which he still holds the Brooklands Lap Record of 143 m.p.h. Other Brooklands successes include the Empire Trophy and the 500 Mile Race (twice). He doesn't go in for road-racing much. Indeed, the only time he entered for the T.T. in Ireland his Riley turned over on him at 60 m.p.h. Track-racing and record-breaking are what he likes. And in 1935 and 1936 he held the twenty-four-hour world's record. This year, in the United States, he was temporarily pipped by his friendly, if donnish, competitor, George Eyston. But he intends to have another cut at the record next year.

In his private life John Cobb is to be found at his office in Arthur Street, E.C.4, between 10 a.m. and 5.30. He lives at Esher with his mother (his other brothers and sisters being all married). His firm have been the London agents for the past four years of the Soviet Government, and every July and March he goes to Leningrad to auction the silver foxes, sables, and so forth, which are brought in for that purpose. Fortunately, for his Russian is pretty poor, the auctioning is done in English. I may add that the turn-over of these sales is in the neighbourhood of a million pounds a year. John Cobb is a very normal chap. He smokes, drinks, and enjoys life. True, he reduces the number of cigarettes he smokes for a month before an attempt on the record. But that is as far as his training goes. He has no superstitions and no mannerisms. If you ask him what it feels like to go at 350 m.p.h. he says, "All I can say is that it feels bloody quick." He is an indifferent golfer, as members of St. George's Hill, where he has a handicap of 16, will tell you. Perhaps the only thing of which he is at all proud is that he was one of the earliest private owners of an aeroplane.

For in 1924 he had a Sopwith "Grasshopper," which was well before the "Moths" came into being. As a result he has done three or four hundred hours in the air; but has largely given it up.

No, he finds motor-racing more satisfying and convenient. Not that he is a keen motorist in the ordinary course of events. He much prefers to be driven by a good driver. In his opinion Nuvolari stands head and shoulders above all other road-race drivers, and I suspect that John Cobb is happy to realise that the Italian maestro is ten years older than himself and yet is as good as ever. On November 18 the British racing drivers are giving a well-deserved dinner to him, Dick Seaman and George Eyston. I don't know whether the others will be looking forward to making speeches, but John Cobb loathes the mere thought of it. . . .

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

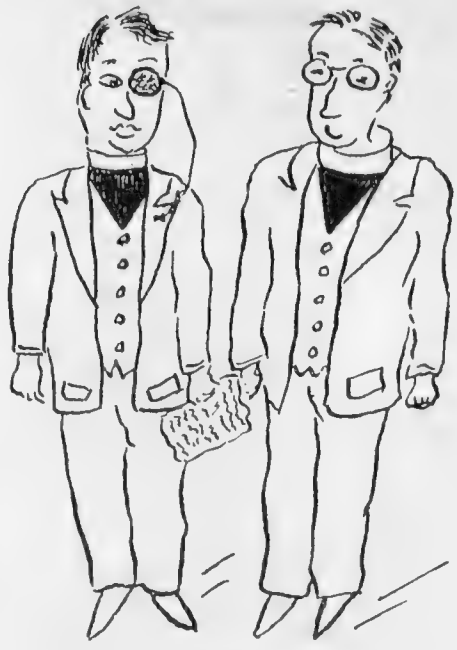
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THIS week we have the superbest Lord Mayor's Show of all, me lucky lads, and the most impressive, and the most significant in England's history. Keepin' Fit Down The Ages is the theme, and if you hear amid the hush a wild hysterical laugh pealing out near Temple Bar, it 'll be us greeting what a crude person has called the Fatness Boys as they roll past rosily in their carriages, full of turtle soup and killing the fitness racket stone-dead. The Fatness Boys, bringing up the rear of the pageant thus, have been rightly described by the same rude scribbler as outraged Nature's own reply to the Fitness Girls. May they expand and flourish, is our cry, as long as honest beeves and turtles fatten for cosy aldermanic paunches, as long as rich gold and silver plate sparkles on the heaped boards of ancient City companies, rolling in money and content, as long as Good Life can keep the vicious hag Swedish Drill at bay. And speaking of plate, we contemplated the National Fitness Trophy displayed at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, Burlington House, with a dubious shrug. Professor Gleadowe has designed a chaste kind of Augustan silver tea-caddy, with panels showing Fitness Girls all too gracefully doing arms-bend and what-not. What the Fitness Council likes, we feel sure, is some kind of monumental dingbat like a football trophy, about six feet high, covered with miniature bodies in every phase of agony, and crowned by a sort of whacking great Prussian helmet.

Should you be a spectator of his Lordship's procession, study closely the fierce expression of the Fitness Girls as they stamp by. Fitness makes 'em happy (official), so you can gauge to some extent what they looked like before they began touching their dainty pink toes, poor sweethearts.

Topliner

LEAVING aside, naturally, the imperial and evergreen Robey, a much greater figure and far less dressy, the last active survivor of the glorious Edwardian *lions comiques* must have been the recently deceased Fred Barnes, who ended a rococo career by singing in a suburban bar-parlour. The present generation doesn't know anything like these dazzling figures. Looking back, we have a feeling they depended to an almost overwhelming extent on their tailor. Their offering was generally three songs, in between which—those were leisurely days—the orchestra played the refrain over and over again for about a quarter of an hour while the star was changing, the stage remaining empty. The first song, generally a dashing affair full of nods and winks about going down Piccadilly, Leicestah Squa-hare, or the Good Old Strend, required exquisite frock-coat and trousers, often chocolate or magenta, with glossy topper, white spats and patent-leather boots. Equally exquisite white flannels and well-cocked gent's boater, or beautiful riding (or even cowboy) kit, accompanied the second song, which was "character." For the third the star usually put on tails, white tie, topper, and an opera cloak, with tasty buttonhole, white gloves, and gold-topped ebony cane, and returned to metropolitan delights. All this magnificence of the 1900's has remained fixed in our memory since early boyhood, but at some years' distance we have the impression, equally



"It's a stained glass one"

fixed, that it must have been pretty easy money. No particular wit attached to the songs, no particular subtlety or charm to the music, and the technique didn't include dancing, barring perhaps a brief dignified twirl or shuffle between verses, indicative of urbane devilry. For one thing, nevertheless, we hand it to this vanished music-hall dynasty: it didn't need a microphone on the stage to make itself heard.

The modern music-hall topliner works fifty times as hard for the money and often displays about a hundred times more ingenuity and brains, and when he turns out to be a clown of colossal, poetic, almost divine insanity, like the (alas) late Herb Williams of America, or Grock, we 'd rank him very near to Shakespeare.

Wolf

As we dictate these words to a ravishing BYSTANDER secretary, with hair like (as the modern English School of Fiction would say) ripe corn, Kemal Ataturk is reported as being furious at news-bulletins saying he is dying of kidney disease: which is typical. From Mr. Armstrong's singularly frank biography called *Grey Wolf*, published a little time ago, detailing his hobbies and amusements, it is clear that Kemal ought by ordinary standards to have been dead some time ago. He 's obviously a superhuman person, lacking equally fear and feeling, and his contempt for Death is on a par with his cynical attitude towards the entire human race and its conventions. The last chap in Europe who humiliated Death was, if you remember, Rasputin. They got rid of Rasputin by means of heavily-poisoned sugar

"Galvani's wife won't let him out of her sight"

cakes, of which he was inordinately fond. By sheer force of a demoniac will Rasputin, having been certified dead for some time, came back to life and fought his executioners till they did him in the second time, and finally. There 's something of the same demon in the steely Turk who foiled us in person at Gallipoli, scorning all danger and knowing no bullet could touch him, and has brutally fought his way to such absolute power as Gengis Khan never knew, and abolished even Allah.

Unlike other dictators, who are sensitive chaps, Kemal doesn't give a damn what anybody on earth thinks or says about him. A chap we know, a distinguished Special Correspondent, once wrote about him casually that he drank like a fish. Next time he was in Constantinople (which swarms with spies) Kemal sent for him within twenty-four hours and produced the newspaper cutting. " You wrote this ? " he asked curtly. " Yes," said this chap. " You 're damned well right," said Kemal with what amounted to acrid mirth. So it is clear that one need not be very sorry for this dictator. The chaps one may be truly sorry for are his picked bodyguard of Lazze toughs and boon-companions, who must be feeling far from easy at this very moment.

Cross-Section

UNEXPECTED intelligence was shown by the readers of a sprightly 2,000,000-circulation daily who were asked what articles—presumably barring Boss Agate's—they would choose to bury in the grounds of the New York World Fair as a typical cross-section of present-day life, for Posterity's benefit. By a large majority they chose zip-fasteners, football-pool coupons, and aspirin, expressing the urge for haste, the get-rich-quick-without-labour urge, and the perpetual need to steady half-crazy nerves with drugs. This grown-upness and perspicacity was all the more surprising because a day or two before a majority of the same readers, voting on radio, had revealed that the thing they loathed most on earth was a symphony concert; a very sad and brutish revelation indeed, distressing to the Charities and reflecting no credit on compulsory education. Nevertheless, it 's no bad thing, in our view, to find lunatics realising they are living in a howling loony-bin and not reclining in Cicero's Villa at Tusculum, among the sages. In due course this realisation may even percolate down to the serious leader-writer boys, who continue solemnly to address a British Public which is solid, cultivated, civilised, well-found, discriminating, deep-in-the-water, unaffected by quacks and charlatans of every hue, clear-minded, firm in the eternal verities, and existing only in the boys' own dear imaginations.

The reason isn't entirely that the leader-writer is a chap, as Max Beerbohm once defined him, who spends his time writing what he thinks his editor thinks his proprietor thinks the public thinks it would like to be told. The boys really believe in their imaginary public, bless 'em, just as a hot, dishevelled booksy girl does who hasn't yet found the best selling line of tripe but is being goaded on by a ruthless publisher. But a booksy girl is always liable to be done in by publishers' narks, whereas nobody ever hits a leader-writer; it 's like hitting your bed-ridden maiden aunt.

Clanjamfry

VERY gingerly and with anxious caution we touch on the moral of the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, which closed the other day to the strains of " Auld Lang Syne." We never, alas, had a chance of seeing it, but A. G. (" Slogger ") Macdonell, who was there for the opening, was genuinely moved and composed a fine bravura piece in Pateresque, jewelled prose for one of the dailies. The fact nevertheless remains that some of the rugged Scottish virtues—such as being tiresome about drinks and Sunday opening—tended to clash with the equally rugged Scots virtue of wanting passionately to make lots of dough, and if the Exhibition didn't turn out the goldmine they expected, the Puritan ascendancy has only itself to blame. Foreigners, being wicked by nature, don't like being messed about in these ways, though it 's for their own good, and although the English are meek enough to stand any amount of restrictions on personal liberty, numbers of them seem to have concluded that they might as well stand them at home as go to Glasgow for the purpose. Otherwise that total attendance of twelve million might have been tripled.

Incidentally we saw a stirring incident recently in a seaside resort which has a long reputation for wild-eyed gaiety and licence (we must find out why one of these days), namely a group of adventurous spirits from Boulogne or Dieppe about to enter a spacious open-air patio or beergarden on the Continental plan, paving, fountain, tub-trees, loggia, gay awnings and all. It looked just like home to those poor wanderers, and as it happened to be exactly two o'clock on a British Sunday afternoon the authorities were very soberly locking and barring it in their astonished faces as we passed. All the stately, prideful story of Mother England, from Drake down to Barney Barnato, flashed before us as we watched these discomfited foreigners turn away, doomed to wander for at least five hours more. That learns 'em who rules the seas, by Gad (we thought).

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Hurry up, stockroom—my customer 's still waiting for the ' Birth of Venus ' "

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"A Party for Christmas"
(Haymarket)

WHAT may be called the Scrappy Family school of comedy continues—witness this new domestic spree at the Haymarket—to persist; and while audiences who are not in the least concerned with the traditions, dignity, past, future, or even present of the English theatre shake their sides with laughter over the auntishness of aunts, the brother-and-sisterishness of brothers and sisters, the breakfastishness of breakfast, and so forth, old critics curl their lips and young ones shake their fists, asking how much more of this trivial nonsense they are to be called upon to endure, and wishing that George and Margaret, who are notoriously never seen, had never been born.

"A woman's work is never done": Margaret Emden and Percy Marmont

Colonial orator in his cups: Sydney Fairbrother and Milton Rosmer

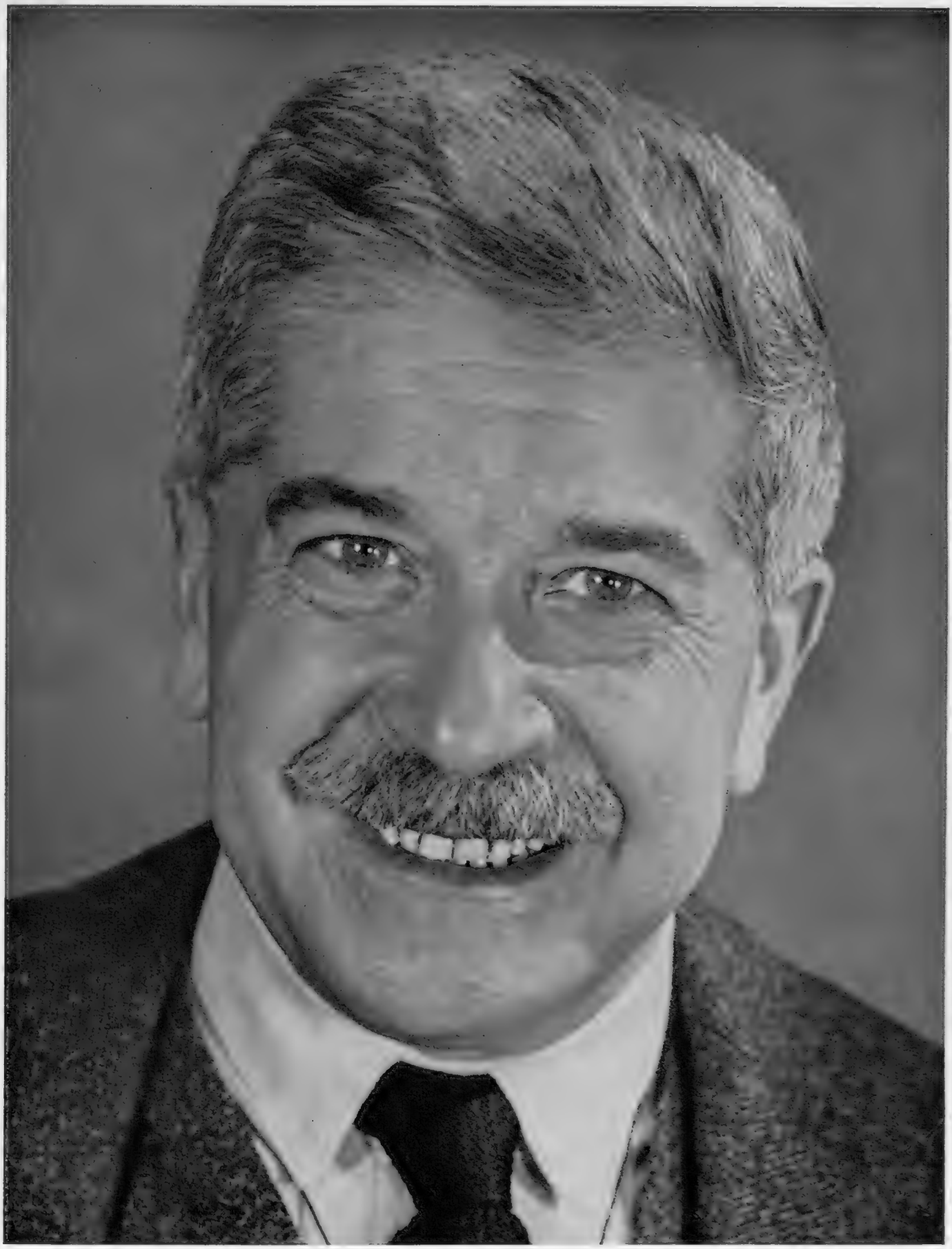
Is it not, however, rather hard on a playwright to condemn his effort out of hand because it belongs to a school of which one has had more than enough? Sitting at *A Party for Christmas* the other night—which is to Christmas what *Quiet Wedding* is to weddings—it occurred to me that if this piece had been produced a couple of years ago, it might have received quite as enthusiastic a press as *George and Margaret* did; and that if *George and Margaret* had been produced this autumn, it might have been accorded criticisms no more favourable than those bestowed on *A Party for Christmas*. If *The Way of the World* is a great comedy, and if, after seeing it, let us say, twenty nights in succession, we find that we no longer enjoy it very much, would it be just to start condemning it as not such a great comedy after all? A famous musician said to me the other day, "*Figaro* is the finest opera ever written, and I don't care if I never hear it again." Enough is as good as a feast; but because you have had too much, the feast is not, per se and ipso facto, bad.

Sketches by Rouson

Dogfight and the bone: Hugh Burdon, Dennis Price, Mary Martlew

It's luvv: Jenny Laird and Geoffrey Lumsden

So what? So *A Party for Christmas*, if you don't already suffer from a surfeit, gives you, despite barren stretches, quite a lot to laugh at. It is a kind of Christmas revue, from the perfunctory thank you's on the opening of too many presents in a rush to the wearing of the caps out of the Christmas crackers. And there is a superb piece of comedy acting by Mr. Milton Rosmer as a festive uncle who, orating in his cups, achieves a state of ripe inspiration that makes him, for a few glorious minutes, as mellow as a page in *Tristram Shandy*. This is far and away the best thing of the evening. Nothing else in Mr. Hunter's play and no one else in Mr. Fernald's cast begins to approach it—so that, with one more act to come, we find ourselves in for the anticlimax that must almost inevitably follow when you open your champagne and pull your crackers (as they do at the Haymarket) on Christmas Eve instead of Christmas Day. Nevertheless, we have had fun and games. And we have had Mr. Rosmer. And even Restoration comedies were rather like one another, weren't they?



Artur Schnabel and His English Season

This great Viennese pianist began an English season packed with engagements by playing Beethoven's Emperor Concerto with the B.B.C. Orchestra last Wednesday. Next Thursday (17th) he plays Beethoven again, in the Royal Philharmonic Society concert, and on November 26th gives a Schubert-Weber-Beethoven recital at the Queen's Hall. He is a supreme Beethoven player: with Schnabel at the piano, composer and executant seem to meet over the keyboard in a tremendous musical fusion of power and profundity and beauty. He has devoted much of his life to Beethoven, not only as performer, but as editor of all the pianoforte works. Before he sails for America in January he will have played at least three more times in London as well as in the provinces. And not long after he leaves, his son Karl Ulrich Schnabel, also a pianist, plays at one of the London Theatre Concerts. His other son is an actor in America

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C.P.H.

Oh, My Poor Head!

The polar bear has lots of hair because it 's very cold up there among the arctic snows and ice where press photographers are rare, and though publicity is nice, just now he's feeling not so hot, his system's like a melting-pot, in fact he wishes he was dead. "Those herrings put me on the spot, I should have known—oh, my poor head!"

*1. **The blow falls:** henpecked Mr. Herbert Soppitt, faithless Alderman Joseph Helliwell and stingy Councillor Albert Parker (in that order here) are celebrating their silver weddings together and take the opportunity to have in the organist of their chapel, Gerald Forbes, an unpleasantly cocky and la-di-da Southerner, to tick him off for his carryings-on. He produces a letter from a parson he had met on holiday which proves that none of them is married*

*2. **Into the confusion** comes Henry Ormonroyd, inebriated and Chestertonian Press photographer from the "Yorkshire Argus." Finding the scene momentarily empty, he discusses marriage with Ruby, the perky, peeky servant, and helps himself to smokes and drinks. "My mother says God would have put chimneys in men's heads if He'd meant them to smoke," she says. "Tell your mother from me that if God had meant men to wear collars, He would have put a stud at the back of their neck"*

*5. **Meek Annie Parker** is not entirely cast down to discover that a knot with her dim and stingy husband has been untied, and threatens to have some fun. "Why don't you dye your hair and paint your face and go on stage and wear tights?" the Councillor asks. "I wish I could," she replies*

*6. **Lottie Grady,** a jolly barmaid, turns up at Alderman Helliwell's on hearing he is not really married, for in week-ends at Blackpool he had often promised to marry her if he were free. She enlivens the crisis by songs with her old pal, Ormonroyd (the part in which Priestley made his stage debut when Frank Pettingell was injured)*

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

*3. **The ladies,** Maria Helliwell, Annie Parker, Clara Soppitt, not only have to endure the discovery that they have been living in sin, but also a ticking-off from the downtrodden but honest "help," Mrs. Northrop, who learns of the disaster by eavesdropping. "I remember you in your father's shop," she says to Clara, "and a moocky little shop it wor an' all"*

"When We Are Married"

John Boynton Priestley has relinquished his excursions into metaphysics and has produced, in *When We Are Married* at the St. Martin's, a straightforward Yorkshire comedy which reinstates him as a Dickensian. He has taken a theme which appears now and then in the newspapers—the discovery that a young parson who has conducted marriages was not qualified to do so—and has built up a hilarious and well-balanced comedy. Gower Parks has assembled the necessary scenery and properties with great discernment. Basil Dean produced. The players in this photographic review by John Everard are: Ernest Butcher (Soppitt), Lloyd Pearson (Helliwell), Raymond Huntley (Parker), Richard Warner (Forbes), Frank Pettingell (Ormonroyd), Patricia Hayes (Ruby), Muriel George (Maria), Helena Pickard (Annie), Ethel Coleridge (Clara), Beatrice Varley (Mrs. Northrop), Mai Bacon (Lottie)

*4. **The worm turns** in the person of Herbert Soppitt, who had said he would never lift his hand against his wife, but now discovers she is not his wife, and so . .*

*7. **All is well** when it is discovered that the marriages were binding after all, and Ormonroyd takes the long-postponed group (below). Parker is going to be more gay in future, Helliwell more faithful, Soppitt more masterly*

Robert Helpmann as Paris

William Chappell as Mercury, Robert He

Elizabeth Miller as Juno, Mary House as Minerva

"The Judgment of Paris"

A Sadler's Wells Ballet

The story of Paris, the three goddesses and the apple of discord was, long since, part of the history of ballet. Ninety-two years ago at His Majesty's, Jules Perrot's *Le Jugement de Paris* was one of the "great sensations" of the year, when Marie Taglioni, Lucile Grahn and Fanny Cerito danced the three goddesses, Arthur St. Léon was Paris, and the choregrapher took the part of Mercury. At Sadler's Wells a slight but attractive version of the legend was given its first performance last May at the Royal Gala at which the Queen was present. Music by Lennox Berkeley and choregraphy by Frederick Ashton were composed specially for the occasion. Now Margot Fonteyn takes the part of Venus created then by Pearl Argyle. In her interpretation a warmer, more human, goddess wins the apple. The action pictures on the right give a real impression of the brilliance, lightness and purity of her dancing this season. The rest of the cast of five is unchanged. Chappell, who dances Mercury, is also responsible for the decor

Photographs by Anthony

Helpmann as Paris, Margot Fonteyn as Venus

Two Action Studies of Margot Fonteyn as Venus

The creep-up *was thought out by Jerome and Bernard, smart penthouse coiffeurs in New York, who got together with Lilly Dache, equally smart N.Y.C. milliner. Clients buy at the latter, move over to the Jerome-Bernard salon and have the hat and hair blended*

Mais c'est exquis! *is the implied title of the screw curl having been fashioned by the ently puts the hat in place. Such a creep-up or evening wear, the " crisp ostrich tips blending*

Hair and Hats :

Jubilant because of the new hair-up styles, smart coiffeurs invent a further money-spinner, the Creep-up

Quills and Nets *and anything else you like can be mixed up with hats and curls*

Birds of a feather *need an umbrella*

pose above. The crisp cork-
coiffeur, the milliner rever-
is intended for cocktail
hrough fuchsia to violet"

Photographs by
Sanders

***Hair** can be rolled over the brim*

***Straps** can be concealed beneath curls*

***The thin end** of the wedge of sur-
realism creeps into haute coiffure
and haute mode with the creep-up.
This last example, with octagonal
fort and chimney on top, with long
ribbons culminating in powder puffs,
with a wash of curls round the back
rim, shows that the hairdressers and
milliners will stop at nothing to
capture women's fancy and guineas*

Cannons of Hollywood

Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley

The Rivers-Bulkeleys, just into their house in Tite Street, with their baby daughter Miranda, have to leave it again when his regiment, the Scots Guards, sails for Egypt this month. Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley was Charmian Fane before her 1937 marriage; is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane. She learnt to fly at Lympne this year, has joined the Civil Air Guard

Young Marrieds

Harlip

Mrs. Reay Geddes

Mrs. Geddes was married last summer to the youngest of the late Sir Eric Geddes' three sons. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hay Matthey, of Laywell, Brixham, Devon. Her husband works in Dunlop's, of which his father was chairman. They have a house in Godfrey Street, Chelsea

Harlip

Mrs. Hugh Wontner

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wontner were married two years ago, have one small son called Giles, live in Nevern Square, S.W.5. Hugh Wontner is the eldest son of Arthur Wontner, the actor; he works in one of the big London hotel groups. Mrs. Wontner is the daughter of the late T. W. Irvin, Gordon Highlanders, a noted Rugby player, and a niece of Sir John Irvin

Lee Garmes

Mrs. William Rhodes-Moorhouse

Amalia Demetriadi that was, married William Rhodes-Moorhouse two years ago. He is the son of the late W. B. Moorhouse, the airman V.C.; is an ace ski-er—a gold "K" and on the committee of the Kandahar Club. Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse is the only daughter of Sir Stephen Demetriadi. They live in Mount Street

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Jaffas for juice

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Mona Goya, a French Actress

Mona Goya is French, but her name is genuine and not just chosen for glamour: she was born in Mexico. She was as surprised as we on learning that the "Bystander" of Oct. 19 contained, thanks to a photographer's mistake, her picture over the name of Lili Damita. We now rectify this. Miss Goya is equally well known in her patrie of France, her native America, and here. In the first she plays on the stage with Fernandel; in Hollywood she has worked with M.-G.-M.; in England she made *Juggernaut*, with Boris Karloff, and *She Had What She Wanted*, with Rod la Rocque

Films of the Day

"Marie Antoinette"

By George Campbell

It has been said that in producing *Marie Antoinette*, with its opulent palace, its glittering brocades, and its gorgeously dressed throngs, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made only one mistake. Somebody forgot to light the fire. Like most witticisms, this tells only half the truth; but it does, I think, express in a phrase what is wrong with one of the most ambitiously designed and sincerely executed pictures ever made.

Marie Antoinette was originally conceived by Irving Thalberg as a monument to the talent of his wife, Norma Shearer. He died. The idea lived on. M.-G.-M. have spent on it three years' work, £590,000, and such infinite pains that no one who really likes the screen could help feeling sympathetic. If it is not in movie-makers to command success, this one at least deserved it.

Why, then, has he just missed pulling it off? Partly, perhaps, because the public loves success-stories, and the story of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette is bound to be a story of failure. Of all the hundreds of plays that have been written about Napoleon, ninety-nine per cent. have failed—precisely, so the box-office experts tell me, for the same reason. The death of the hero, if it serves some brave and useful purpose—this the fans will stand. A Sydney Carton may go to the scaffold, but when he says, "It is a far, far better thing," etc., he is talking only common sense. Life holds nothing for him but loneliness and failure. Death, that the man he likes and the woman he loves may live, means success. Even Hamlet, though a bit too handy with the long knife, as some Nordics are apt to be, does not die until he has solved the mystery that tortured his Freudian mind.

Granted this difficulty in the case of *Marie Antoinette*, plus the added objection that most people know the goofy king and his flighty wife will come to a bad end, which kills the suspense—granted all this, is the film made as well as it possibly could be? I'm afraid it isn't. In sets, costumes, cast, it is magnificent. The palace scenes are gorgeous; Miss Shearer's dress of shimmering satin, filling the doorway as she floats in, has to be seen to be believed.

The cast, too, is impressive enough, if not exactly faultless. Miss Shearer, for a woman in her middle thirties, looks extraordinarily sweet and girlish in the early scenes at Schönbrun; she brings fire to the love scenes with her Swedish admirer and lifelong friend, Count Axel Fersen; and in the last tragic sequences, when first husband and then son are torn from her arms, she reveals genuine dramatic power. She has even resisted the ultimate temptation, the desire to die beautifully. Any woman can be forgiven for wishing to make a good end, and it must have required the most amazing reverence for art, or history, or common sense, or something, to induce Miss Shearer to be photographed standing in the tumbril with hair as lank as a dog's tail, and a face made grey and deathly by her long agony in prison. In this quite startlingly honest shot, her ordinarily comely face is already greasily corpse-like, discoloured by the sickening hue of dissolution begun in the living dead.

Robert Morley, too, is quite admirable as the Dauphin, clumsy, gauche, painfully conscious of the lack of the only qualities—grace of person, liveliness of wit—valued by a heartless court. Slowly he wins your liking, as he did Marie Antoinette's, and when the crisis comes, and he is mistakenly urged to appeal to the Army, and makes a complete fool of himself, standing there in the pouring rain beneath an umbrella while the guards jeer, you feel as you would if a friend were drowning and you were powerless to throw him a line.

Of a number of other brilliant portraits I liked best the Philippe Egalité of Joseph Schildkraut. Mr. Schildkraut is one of the underrated actors of the screen. I think so highly of him that I should like to see him play Hamlet. Tyrone Power makes a handsome, likeable Count Axel Fersen, and John Barrymore, uttering his "After me the deluge" with fine relish, and Gladys George, wearing her costumes with unexpected flair, contribute spirited portraits of Louis XV. and du Barry.

If in spite of all this pageantry and talent the film still leaves you vaguely dissatisfied, the cause is to be found partly in a story winding bleakly to its inevitable end; partly in the photography, which continually achieves the impressive at the expense of intimacy; and partly in the slowness of the tempo. Slowness, where the intention is to create tension, an atmosphere of impending doom, is one of the director's most useful tricks. In *Marie Antoinette* there are scores of those unnecessary, unreal, tiny pauses between sentences that should fly back and forth like tennis balls. The result is a certain monotony surprising in a director with W. S. Van Dyke's record for brilliant efficiency. *Marie Antoinette* is no *Thin Man*, but even a fat man should move.

Uninhibited is the proud boast of the Vanderhof family, the central figures in Hart and Kaufmann's Pulitzer prize play "You Can't Take It With You," which Capra has now made a film of. Into the Vanderhof whirlpool is plunged patrician James Stewart for love of Jean Arthur; left is Ann Miller

***This sort of scene** justifies the boast of the uninhibited Vanderhofs in their old New York house. It is also the American version of the "George and Margaret" kind of family fooling that has been fashionable on the London stage. The ballerina is Ann Miller, the discus thrower is Hallwell Hobbs, the artist is Spring Byington, the critical Russian is unmistakably Mischa Auer. "You Can't Take It With You" is at the Gaumont*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 164

The Mumford Luck

By Anna Kingsley

Illustration by E. Spring-Smith

FOR five hundred years the Mumfords had inhabited The Grange. Every child of the line had been reared on a diet of it, so that instead of good red blood in their veins there was a mixture of crumbling plaster, mouldy oak timbers, and ossified antlers grey with dust. They drank in the plan of the house and the stables with their mothers' milk, and learned the points of a horse as other and more normal children learned the rudiments of mathematics, accepting in the ordinary course of things the tradition of the family ghost as part of their inheritance.

Not so the visitors. The stairs of The Grange ran up and down indiscriminately, in and out of bedrooms and along passages, so that the unsuspecting guest either hit his head on the lintel of the door, or was precipitated into his chamber, not on his feet but on his posterior, accompanied by gales of laughter from his hosts, which, in their own particular vernacular, was called "a sense of humour."

The present Mumfords were four in number, and utterly true to tradition. Father and Mother Mumford were long, angular, horsy specimens, similar in type from much intermarriage, with a joint display of prominent teeth and plenty of racy back-chat. Son and daughter—vitiated copies of the Mumford originals—aped their elders and betters untiringly. Harry was given to making apple-pie beds and jumping out of dark corners with a loud "Boo!" Enid henna-ed her hair and affected stable-slang and went about, like the lion, seeking whom she might devour, in a predatory desire to carry on the Mumford tradition.

The last member of the family was the ghost. They called her, familiarly, "Jinny." And when she did not haunt The Grange, she haunted their conversation, so that every visitor was treated to a discourse on "Jinny," who had presumably died of a broken heart from being jilted by her young man for a better-looking specimen of the county.

"Jinny" crept about the house at intervals, ringing a little bell like a leper, and choosing the favourite hour of midnight for her perambulations.

Contrary to the usual tradition, however, these walks of hers were always followed by a stroke of good luck for the Mumfords. Either the blood mare foaled, or a delayed dividend turned up unexpectedly, or the root crops gave them a record yield. All of these things were put down, with a singular lack of intelligence, to "Jinny." They called her "the Mumford Luck," and babbled about her at race meetings and horse shows until the county was weary of her name and gave the whole Mumford boiling as wide a berth as possible.

Until the story of the Mumford Aunt was suddenly put into circulation. A groom had got it from the cook, and the cook had got it from Mrs. Mumford's secretary-cum-maid, who was a staunch church-woman, and told nothing but the truth.

And as the story circulated, the riches of the Mumford Aunt from Australia grew accordingly, and the "climbers" were agog. Local charities invited the Mumfords to sit upon committees. Begging letters arrived by every post. Even the vicar—a kindly, simple soul who saw good in everybody—began to think that the Mumfords were perhaps too much maligned, and called with a plan for repairing the fabric of the church.

He got the story of the Mumford Aunt first-hand from a grinning Enid. Aunt Harriet Mumford's father had been the black sheep of the family. Having pinched a goodly share of the inheritance, he decamped to Australia and there invested in a sheep farm, prospering as only the wicked may, until his fortune, when he died, exceeded half a million sterling, which he left unconditionally to the child of his marriage with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer—Harriet.

And now Aunt Harriet, who was eighty, was coming home, like the good Mumford she was, to visit the family mansion.

"And I 'll bet my immortal soul," grinned Enid into the vicar's shocked face, "that she 'll know every point of the nags in our stable, and give us a few useful tips about breeding. She 's a Mumford, y'know."

(*Concluded on page* ii)

Bacchus at Home

The Brewers' Exhibition at Islington was a vast party where beer came first and business second

This ale queen at Islington was introduced by the industry in the hope of reviving the ale garland, a wreath of evergreens and berries suspended on inn signs to signal a new brew. Up to the eighteenth century much of the brewing was in ale wives' hands

West Countrymen Judged the Cider Exhibits

With a few biscuits and cheese to whet the palate between sips, Professor Barker, Mr. Pickford and Mr. Walker judged the cider and perry entries. No judgment on cider is complete without Mr. Walker's opinion, for he has forty years' experience. Professor Barker runs him close; has been thirty-four years director of Bristol University's cider institute, Long Ashton

OF all the exhibitions in the calendar the brewers' is the jolliest, for the stock-in-trade which is freely offered and accepted on every side is always present to make red faces redder and hail-fellows haler and heartier. The Royal Agricultural Hall this year (Oct. 29-Nov. 4) was packed as usual with exhibits of everything in the great drink trade from bottle-washing machines to bar-maids' sinks, and with everyone from maltsters to pin-table makers

An Inn-Signs Competition Was Held

There were 241 entries for the inn-signs competition, of which the Bedouin won first prize and the Cat and the Fiddle third. Next to the latter is one of four or five Mermaids. The three (out of eight) judges below are Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake, Sir Edgar Sanders, Captain E. T. Cripps. Of the prizewinners they said "they have the vital quality of being easily recognisable at a distance"

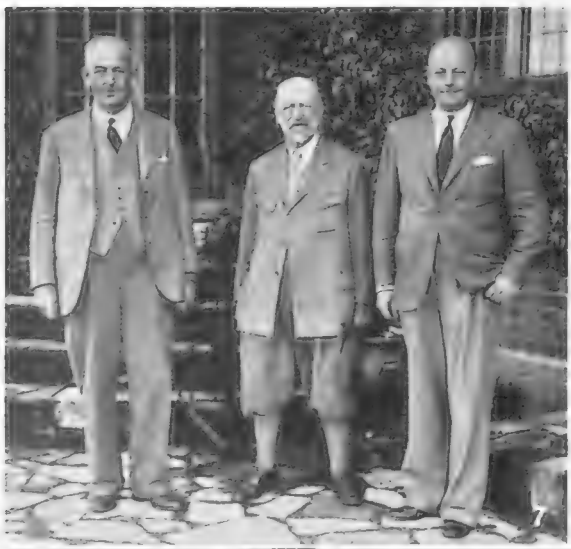
Fining the Casks Newly Arrived for the Home and Overseas Competition

When a beer barrel is delivered from the brewery its contents are in a state of pressure and upheaval. The bungs are first tapped and the gas and foam are allowed to escape, for which the potman has to be clothed in waterproof. Then the finings—chopped sturgeon's bladder—are introduced and their albumen, sinking to the casks' bottom, clears the liquid

Golf Clubs at Home

St. George's Hill, Weybridge

The St. George's Hill Golf Club at Weybridge is too well known to London golfers to need a long description. Typical of Surrey courses, the figure-eight round lies hidden away in the peace of its own sand, heather and fir-woods. The original club-house of 1913 was burnt down in 1920, after having been used as a hospital in the war. The new one has all modern comforts. The total length of the course is 5246 yards



(1) E. H. McCormick (vice-captain). (2) D. G. Nairn (ex-captain). (3) D. B. Anderson (ex-captain, back-marker). (4) L. d'Ambrumenil. (5) J. Stewart Youle (director) and H. J. Bull (ex-captain). (6) B. B. Aveen. (7) Lieut.-Col. D. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O. (secretary), Sir Phillip Pilditch, Bt. (chairman), Peter Gold (captain). (8) Lieut.-Col. W. J. Maule and H. B. Ward (committee members) (9) G. Curnock Sawday (director) and G. A. Nelson. (10) G. G. Kirke (ex-captain) and Rev. H. A. Tapsfield (committee). (11) Lieut.-Col. J. G. L. Pledell-Nott, D.S.O., and Humphrey F. Field. (12) S. A. Smith (steward) and F. H. Frostick (professional)

Round About : By Eleanor E. Helme

***Worplesdon** lost one semi-final of the "Star" inter-club tournament to Rochester and Cobham. Behind are Miss Betty Lampson, Miss B. Dix-Perkin (captain); in front, Mrs. Sayward-Wilson, Mrs. Whatmore, Miss Peggy Falkner*

***Berkshire** lost the other semi-final at Wentworth to Camberley Heath, the winners. Mrs. E. Gallatly, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Cyril Gray (captain), Mrs. G. Carbutt, Mrs. Argles played for their club*

How I do hate it when there is nothing particular to be said in praise of winners. One can, of course, temporise by eulogies of weather or course, or some other rather extraneous circumstance; but truth is golden—like silence—and the one compels the other with regard to scores in the United Services meeting at Oxhey. Why nobody played better is an unexplained mystery—perhaps the day was too deliciously fine and still. At all events, 81 from Mrs. Gilligan won the scratch prize; and not so much as a net return in either division was better than the par of 75. Suppose we reserve admiration for the method of prize presentation: no formal ceremony, but just Miss Ferguson coming round the tea-room with the nice things everybody had won: a very pleasant way of doing things.

Next day the weather was almost as good, though distinctly colder, at Wentworth, for the *Star* finals, that wholly delightful wind-up to eight months of struggling five a-side, under scratch conditions, on behalf of your club. Time was when Camberley Heath invariably looked winners on paper, only to fail when the day came; but they broke the run of defeats in 1936, curiously enough beating Rochester and Cobham in the final, just as they did this year.

Star finals are such a real social event nowadays in the golfing calendar that the pleasure of meeting friends and—if such a thing may be mentioned without greed—enjoying much good fare, is apt to distract attention from the golf itself. This year there was added glamour for those who recall Miss Cecil Leitch at the height of fame, in seeing that great lady, and all her four sisters, amongst the spectators.

Miss Leitch is one of Miss Wanda Morgan's most emphatic admirers, and in the morning she certainly had good reason, for Miss Morgan was only one over fours when she had beaten Miss Peggy Falkner by 7 and 6, and the shots were hit quite perfectly. With wins, too, for Mrs. Green and Mrs. Miller, Rochester got home by the odd match from Worplesdon, though the latter's second player, Miss Dix-Perkin, put up one of the day's stoutest performances, not only beating Miss Oswald, the giant-killer of the South-Eastern division this spring, but doing it in only three over fours with four brand-new clubs in her bag—one so new that it emerged, when first wanted, still in its paper wrappings. Miss Dix-Perkin was the victim of some un-sportsman, who stole her bag of clubs out of her car the day before the Worplesdon foursomes, hence these new weapons.

Camberley Heath may well have felt a trifle shaken when Miss Gourlay went down to Mrs. Gray, after leading for the greater part of the way, but Miss Chambers reversed that story against Mrs. Argles, and as Miss Palmes and Miss Hill had already got home, that was Camberley, not the Berkshire, into the final.

The afternoon top match ought to have been such a magnificent one, but Miss Gourlay's figures were by no means above reproach, and Miss Morgan had completely lost her touch of the morning round the hole, so that Miss Gourlay, having once got back the first two losses, had only to take the holes as Miss Morgan handed them to her. Miss Gourlay was six over fours when she won on the sixteenth, which is not the sort of scoring one expects from her or Miss Morgan. However, this was not scoring, but a match.

Miss Oswald equalised by beating Miss Palmes 4 and 3, a sterling performance over which Miss Oswald can think with some satisfaction as she sails the seas to India next month. Miss Hill and Miss Chambers got home for Camberley, Mrs Miller for Rochester, and that was Camberley's final by the odd match.

Miss Leitch presented the lovely prizes, and so came the end of a perfect day, except that it was good to hear players already fixing up partnerships for Bystander One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes, which are definitely fixed for Tuesday, May 2, at Wentworth, to be followed by Wentworth's own open scratch knock-out foursomes. Bystander Northern Foursomes are also fixed now, for April 18 to 21, at Hesketh; and Autumn ones at Ranelagh and Roehampton, October 10 to 13. So do the merry years roll by.

They are made all the merrier by the activities of the Vesta Golfing Society, which caters specially for overseas golfers, yet embraces also most of the best of the rest. Vesta Veterans the other day took on the Lucifers, the first time those men had condescended to battle with women. Giving six strokes in addition to handicap difference was just too much for them, for the Vestas won by 3½ to 1½, Miss Doris Chambers putting the top match to their credit by a last green win from Mr. Wallace Barr. The match was played at Radlett's new course, which came in for any amount of approbation on account not only of the course, but also club-house and food. Radlett has not taken long to establish itself as one of the courses that count.

***Camberley Heath** won the "Star" inter-club tournament by beating Rochester and Cobham 3 matches to 2 in the final, and Berkshire by the same margin in the semi-finals. Sitting here with their shield and prizes (presented by Miss Cecil Leitch) are Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Heather Palmes, Mrs. Ambrose (captain), Miss Julia Hill, Miss Doris Chambers and Miss Barbara Wardle*

***Rochester and Cobham Park** were runners-up. At back, Miss Anne Bourke (reserve), Mrs. A. A. Smith, Miss E. Foule (reserve), Mrs. J. R. Miller; in front, Mrs. K. B. Green, Miss J. E. Oswald (captain), Miss Wanda Morgan*

The Southam Hurdles at Cheltenham: Mr. J. H. Gordon's Manchester City leads the field over the first fence

Howard Marshall on Sport

THERE is a lull in the sporting world just now, though to-day England play Norway at Soccer at Newcastle-on-Tyne; and in less than three weeks we shall be making the journey to Manchester for the first Rugby Union trial match.

Already the Rugby selectors in Wales and Ireland have been putting players through their paces, and our purely domestic interest in the clubs begins to range more widely.

I do not myself welcome the intrusion of representative matches. But then, in these matters I am a reactionary. We have to move with the times, and the times seem to call for bigger grounds and better players, and all the fussy paraphernalia of the great occasion.

I can't help thinking that selectors this year are in for a rough passage. There are plenty of gaps to be filled, in the England team particularly; and it would be interesting to know the selectors' views about half-backs and three-quarters.

I HAD a letter the other day from a reader who said that he could not understand why a wing like Obolensky, who was merely a sprinter, should ever be considered for an international side.

This seems to me an extraordinary point of view. And yet it is not altogether uncommon. It is strange how soon great performances are forgotten, though I should have thought that anyone who saw Obolensky piercing the New Zealand defence at Twickenham three years ago, would inevitably regard him as first choice for the right wing.

***Pytchley hunter trials:** a trio sitting on Northamptonshire grass at Holdenby Mill, near Spratton, to watch Pytchley hunters going through their paces were Miss Peggy Gerard Leigh, whose sister is Mrs. Henry Garnett, Count Peter Metternich, and Miss Rosemary Drummond. The latter competed in the trials*

***The joint-Master** of the Pytchley, Colonel John George Lowther, D.S.O., M.C., was photographed at the hunter trials with Mrs. Graham Johnstone, better known as Doris Zinkeisen*

School rugger: *Ampleforth scored a decisive victory on their own ground when they met Giggleswick, winning by four goals and three tries (29) to a penalty goal and a try (6). The home backs were largely responsible for this result—before the visitors' pack had settled down, Ampleforth led by thirteen points*

Arthur Danahar *stopped Douglas Kestrell in no uncertain manner at the N.S.C.'s meeting at Earl's Court last week. A crisp chop over Kestrell's guard sent him down to a count of five, and after another fall, the fight was rightly stopped in Danahar's favour; here the victor gets home with a straight left*

If he happened to be qualified for Scotland—and he might as well be qualified for Scotland as anywhere else—I fancy the Scottish selectors would plump for him every time. Since his scoring ability became evident, he has been marked down relentlessly in club games—sometimes too relentlessly. But this year I think we shall find him back in the limelight.

England's real difficulty will be to find mid-field players; and if anyone could suggest the obvious choices at centre- and stand-off-half, I am sure the selectors would be extremely grateful.

One point of interest—the suggestion has been made to me by a famous Scottish International that the penalty law operates unfairly. He points out that frequently a side is awarded a penalty kick in a position where it is very little use to them, and that, moreover, the mere fact that a kick must be taken means surrendering possession of the ball.

It would surely be more equitable, he argues, if the non-offending side were allowed to start the game in any way they chose from the penalty mark. They could kick

(*Concluded on page* xii)

Weight behind the weight *was exercised by J. G. Buckingham at the inter-college sports meeting held at Fenner's, Cambridge*

Golden retriever trials *were held by the Golden Retriever Club at Wilbury Park, near Salisbury, by permission of Major Despencer-Robertson, the Member for Salisbury. These guns are Lord Lauderdale, Captain and Mrs. Bazley*

Powerstown Park racing: *watching horses at Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, were Miss Anne Hickman, master and huntsman since last year of the Waterford West foxhounds, Miss Freda Keane, and Miss Ann Gregory*

Both captains *were well-known hockey players when the National Provincial Bank met Richmond — Stephen Clarke and George Penn, here tossing. Clarke's grin was justified—Richmond won, seven – nil*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Golf in Yorkshire

I SPENT the last week-end of last month in the neighbourhood of Sheffield. On the Friday night I was a guest at the annual dinner of the Sheffield Union of Golf Clubs, and on the Saturday and Sunday I took part in a golf match between the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society and the Lindrick Golf Club, which a few years ago was known as the Sheffield and District Golf Club. There are nowadays numerous golf unions, but very few towns have, like Sheffield, their own golf union. That the Sheffield Union of Golf Clubs is a flourishing concern was clear from the large number of golfers who attended the dinner—over 170 golfers were present.

The guest of the evening was Robert Harris, who won the Amateur Championship in 1925 at Westward Ho!, and who captained from a bed of sickness our first Walker Cup team to visit the United States of America. Other important guests included the English Champion, Frank Pennink; his Yorkshire victim in the final, Sidney Banks; W. A. Murray, another Walker Cup player, who is at present carrying out construction alterations to a Sheffield golf club, namely, Hallamshire Golf Club, which is delightfully situated on the high ground just outside Sheffield, on the way to Manchester, and from which most glorious views can be enjoyed; and L. H. Bakes, the hard-working president of the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs.

It was pleasant to see present also many professionals and green-keepers as guests of their clubs.

The president of the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs for the year is Colonel A. N. Lee, who was Master Cutler a few years ago, and who has served for many years on the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club.

The Union has its own amateur and professional championships, and also a "colts" competition for young players under the age of twenty-five years.

Yorkshire golf certainly appears to be flourishing. It was a Yorkshire golfer, Alex Kyle, who, to use a cricket expression, made the winning hit in the Walker Cup match against America this year; and another Yorkshire golfer, Sidney Banks, reached the final of the English Championship. Yorkshire also supplied no fewer than four players—namely, Thirsk, Gent, Banks and Lyon—to the English team which beat Scotland this year, for the first time since the international matches arranged by the various golf unions were inaugurated.

Winner of the Branksome Challenge Cup

P. J. Urlwin Smith, of Hindhead, playing from a handicap of 1, returned 75+71=146 to win the ninth annual Branksome Challenge Cup meeting organised by the Branksome Towers Hotel

YORKSHIRE is not famous for its golf-courses, but it does possess two courses which compare favourably with the best elsewhere in the country: namely, those at Ganton and Lindrick. It is many years since I first played on what was then the course of the Sheffield and District Golf Club at Lindrick, but I cannot remember when the name of the Club was changed to the Lindrick Golf Club; that the latter is a better name I think everyone will agree.

Last month I found Lindrick in a better playing condition than I have ever known it before. The Club is extremely fortunate to have as captain this year Sir Albert Bingham. It is in no small measure due to his great enthusiasm and generosity that the many improvements which have of late been carried out, both to the course and to the club-house, were made. The latter has been extended, and a new dining-room and mixed-lounge have been built.

I always like to see men who work hard on the administrative side of a golf club win club competitions. I was very pleased to hear that Sir Albert, with his scratch partner, J. E. Cradock-Hartopp, had won the club foursome tournament this year; but he was not successful in the final until twenty holes had been played.

Few golf clubs have experimented with the arsenate of lead treatment for the extermination of earth worms, and the majority of these few clubs are Yorkshire golf clubs. Mr. Tilsley experimented as long ago as 1930 on the course of the Dore and Totley Golf Club with arsenate of lead, and this course, although it has not received further treatment, is still reasonably free from worms. H. I. Eardley, the chairman of the greens committee at Lindrick, has also employed the arsenate of lead treatment to his fairways, and I have already said that I have never seen them so good as they are at the present time; in fact, they are so good that golfers who usually play at Lindrick will be tempted to grumble about their lies when they play elsewhere. The effect of nearly all the other worm-killers lasts only a short time. We are told that they will be efficient for three years, but, in my experience, two years would be nearer the mark.

SOME people are afraid to use arsenate of lead to kill worms, because they think it may kill livestock. I have never heard of any livestock on any golf-course being affected by an application of arsenate of lead. At one club, it is true, the professional's little dog was rather poorly for a day or two after the course had been treated with arsenate of lead, and naturally this chemical was blamed for his sickness, but the dog's illness may well have been due to another cause. In any case, it was perfectly fit and well a few days later.

The match between the Society and Lindrick took a most curious course, and ended in a tremendous and most thrilling finish. On the Saturday morning it was mainly a matter of marking time, and at lunch time the Club led by a solitary point. In the afternoon, the Club completely overwhelmed the opposition, to win five matches and to lead on the day's play by five matches. On the Sunday morning, the Society had their revenge, and reversed the results of the former afternoon, and thus were only one match behind at lunch time. The Society finally drew level with one match to come in. In this match, the Society pair, John Lyon and C. F. Penruddock, stood all square on the tee of the long one-shot eighteenth hole against Cradock-Hartopp and E. A. Barker. Penruddock took a spoon, and his tee-shot finished about seven yards to the right of the pin. Cradock-Hartopp replied with an even better shot, which nearly hit the pin, but ran about eight yards past. Barker putted stone-dead, and then Lyon, of Yorkshire and England, holed his seven-yarder for a two, the match, and victory for his side. It was certainly a case of great golf and great fighting by both pairs.

The Presenter of the Branksome Challenge Cup

June Duprez, London Films' young actress, went down to Bournemouth to present the prizes at the Branksome meeting: here Urlwin Smith takes the Challenge Cup from her, watched by Mr. T. H. V. Haydon, who launched the meeting, and Mr. A. F. Carris, honorary organiser

Prizewinners in the Branksome Challenge Cup Meeting

A. J. Garland (Royal Wimbledon) won the Hazards Golfing Society prize at Branksome. E. C. Millard, also of Royal Wimbledon, won the scratch medal for the Sunday afternoon's play. Prizes were presented at a dinner, a guest at which was Miss Pam Barton

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Opening Meets

On the Tweed—the North Northumberland

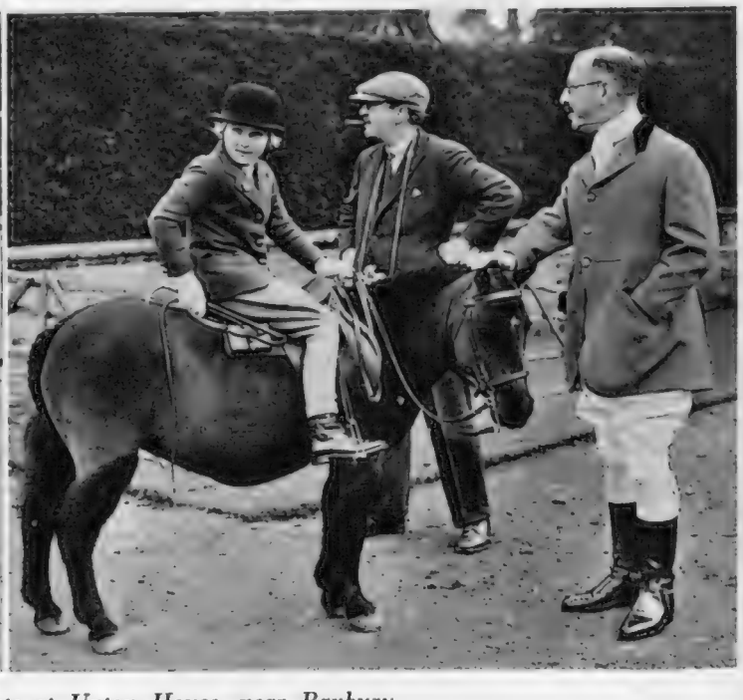
Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini was staying with her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Claud Lambton, and went with her to the North Northumberland meet at Cornhill-on-Tweed. With them is Mr. A. Hall Watt, joint-Master and huntsman since 1936

In Leicestershire—the Belvoir

Lord Daresbury had to answer hundreds of enquiries at the Belvoir opening meet about Lady Daresbury after her accident with the Quorn two days before. Talking to him here are Mrs. Gordon Colman and Mrs. George Paynter. Lord Daresbury, who succeeded his father two weeks ago, is joint-Master with Colonel Colman of the Belvoir

In East Anglia—the Essex and Suffolk

Mr. Peter Crossman is the new joint-Master and huntsman of the Essex and Suffolk, Essex side. He is talking to Miss Dawnay, who had heard on the morning of the opening meet that she had been appointed second whip. The meet was held at Great Bentley



The Warwickshire—Masters, Host and Guests at Upton House, near Banbury

The Hon. Marcus Samuel is Viscount Bearsted's eldest son, and his second son is the Hon. Peter Samuel, who has been joint-Master of the Warwickshire since 1935. Next him is the other Master, Mr. J. Lakin. Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham was out on the opening day; Mrs. A. E. Holbeach was at the meet

Lord Bearsted was host to the Warwickshire at Upton House, his home near Banbury, for their opening meet. The pony he is patting is called Tar Baby, and its rider is little Robina Grosvenor, eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Grosvenor

The Warwickshire—Start of a Run

The Warwickshire had a couple of intrepid followers on bicycles who pedalled undaunted through the thistles after the first draw. The Whaddon Chase opened their season at Cublington, and killed twice, the second time after a five and a half hour hunt. Lord Rosebery is now sole Master, Sir Peter Farquhar having retired, and Frank Woodward from the Holderness is the new huntsman

The Whaddon Chase at Cublington

In the West—the Dartmoor

Commander C. H. Davey has been Master and huntsman of the Dartmoor since 1919. After the opening meet, which was held at Ivybridge, he gave his followers a very good day's hunting, with five foxes killed

Looking Ahead in the Air

By Charles Ward

Flying school siesta. The scene is at an aerodrome where pupils are given elementary instruction before joining the Royal Air Force. The 'planes in the background are Tiger Moths

Christmas Mails

THERE is no doubt that the public will take full advantage of the all-air-mail scheme to Empire countries for the purpose of sending Christmas greetings, and Imperial Airways will have a tremendous task during the next six weeks to cope with the rush. Every letter up to half an ounce has to go by air if it bears a three-halfpenny stamp. Loads of mail have already ousted passengers. The Empire flying-boats have become mail vans, with the whole of the cabin-space available for sorting, though this is a minor problem, because bags are sorted on the quay at Southampton before loading takes place, and the flight clerk stows the cargo mainly with an eye to trim for the take-off. One of the results of the Christmas rush has been to divert passenger traffic to K.L.M. on the route to Australia, though to South Africa there is no alternative but to go by steamer. Imperials hope to have three of the hotted-up flying-boats in the air for December traffic. The Mayo Composite will be pressed into service—also as many of the "Ensign" and "Frobisher" classes as are delivered to Croydon. The total load to be flown to different parts of the Empire during the next six weeks is estimated at 200 tons. People can be certain of greeting their friends on time by posting Christmas mail for the Dominions and Colonies by the end of this month, which is still later than has been necessary for the last fifty years, during which period all mails have gone by sea and have taken up to eight weeks for delivery to what we are pleased to term the furthest outpost of Empire. The full advantage of air carriage will not be appreciated at all seasons until Imperials have larger aircraft.

Air Transport Subsidies

THE routes between Bermuda-New York and Bangkok-Hong Kong are the subject of White Papers issued last week. The former is a luxury service which may form part of Imperial Airways' system across the Atlantic, but in any case it has the advantages of offering a paying load and of training personnel for operating the complete ocean line. From Siam to Hong Kong the Company has carried surcharged mail as an extension of the Empire service. The new agreement calls for the carriage of all first-class mail, and will be operated twice a week in each direction. The present service is flown with land aircraft of the D.H. "Express" type, but there is a probability that connections to China will have to be made with flying-boats in the future, though this will be affected largely by the course of the war now being waged in the Far East. The profits earned by Imperial Airways depend more on the political situation in foreign countries whose bases they are compelled to use than people imagine. A state of war such as that existing in China at the moment, or a threat of war such as the trouble in the Mediterranean three years ago, causes expense which cannot be assessed in advance. Air France and Sabena must have suffered considerable interruptions to their African services, due to the war in Spain. The Belgian company is celebrating the 100th regular departure for the Congo by issuing a limited number of souvenir envelopes to philatelists. The 'plane leaves Brussels on November 20th, arriving at Elizabethville on the 24th. Similar facilities for collectors are arranged for the departure from the Congo on the 25th, reaching London on November 30th. There is a connection at Elizabethville for Northern Rhodesia, Portuguese East Africa and Madagascar, a route established by the French, mainly for political reasons. South Africa has concluded an agreement with the Portuguese for a line from Loanda on the Atlantic coast to Germiston, which is the airport for Johannesburg. The initiative was taken by Mr. Pirow, no doubt with an eye towards defence and the necessity of maintaining close contact with the Portuguese on both sides of Africa. In Portugal itself British Airways is using Lisbon as first port of call towards S. America. The route passes over some part of Spain.

Home Licences

TWELVE companies had been granted licences for the operation of domestic air routes at the end of last month, these including several who run seasonal services. North Eastern Airways and the Rail-Air combine share the traffic to the north, the former—as its name implies—flying via the east coast with one connection to Glasgow, and the latter including Northern Ireland, with landings at Belfast. The Western Islands and the Shetlands are served by the same companies that have developed the traffic in the past. The Isle of Man is linked to Manchester, Liverpool, Belfast and Carlisle; the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth, Bournemouth and Southampton. British-American Air Services provides the most interesting development of the year by regularising its services to the principal race-courses. Started about five years ago as an on-demand taxi service, there has proved to be a regular clientele for the races by air, and thirty services, ranging from Heston to Ayr and south to Brighton, are licensed by the Air Ministry.

The Autogiro takes the high jump. This is type C-40, the first two-seater ever built that can ascend without any preliminary run. A considerable number are on order for co-operation with the Army and for the Fleet Air Arm. The engine is a Salmson of 175 horse power, which gives the 'plane a top speed of 120 miles an hour and a range of 200 miles. Descent is vertical for all practical purposes and the landing run is nil

The Royal Aeronautical Society

AT the beginning of next year the Society will move into new premises at 4, Hamilton Place, where its 2000 members will have the benefit of a complete house of their own, with a terrace overlooking Hyde Park and the use of the gardens below. Although the house has been used as a private residence in the past, very little alteration is necessary. The new library will be large enough to accommodate about 200 people, so that lectures limited to that number will be possible at headquarters.

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SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

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22/6

Gladly sent on approval.

FROM THE MAN'S SHOP

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The Mumford Luck

(Continued from page 226)

THE Grange dog-cart fetched Aunt Harriet from the station. Harry neighed appreciatively at the gaunt, lean figure in the shabby coat and hard felt hat who descended upon the platform and gave him an uncompromising nod of recognition. The family teeth had established the relationship between aunt and nephew without question.

Aunt Harriet stalked up to the dog-cart, climbed a-top, and sat bolt upright, while Harry, rattling the reins at the fine mare which quivered between the shafts, beguiled her with details of the family and "Jinny."

"Who's 'Jinny'?" she demanded at length. "Young woman you're going to marry, I take it?"

Harry neighed loudly.

"'Jinny'? You haven't heard of 'Jinny'? Why, she's the family ghost. 'The Mumford Luck,' we call her. Shouldn't be surprised if she came to-night to welcome you, Aunt Harriet. Friendly sort of bird is 'Jinny'!"

"I sincerely hope *not*!" snapped Aunt Harriet, casting a fleeting sideways glance at her nephew and thanking her lucky stars for the hundredth time since meeting him that she had remained single.

Harry, used to this attitude, guffawed loudly, and capped it with a tale that reeked of the stable yard. But Aunt Harriet was not amused. If this was one of her relations, then the remaining three were not likely to be much better. Her stay among them would be brief. It is to be remembered that Aunt Harriet's mother had not been of Mumford stock. She knew little or nothing of horses and cared less.

They preserved a stern silence until they reached The Grange, where her welcome was vociferous and overwhelming. Aunt Harriet stood her ground, swaying and giddy. But she kept her mouth shut and thought a good deal. She was old and she wanted her bed. And the stable-yard atmosphere of the Mumford household turned her stomach.

She conceived a sudden, very violent hatred of her English relations, and after dinner demanded to retire to her room.

"I'll take you up, Auntie!" Enid offered, throwing a boisterous arm about the old lady's shoulders and nearly knocking her over. "You're in the west wing. 'Jinny's' wing, y'know—the place of honour."

The great four-poster glowered at her like a malignant witch. She dispensed with Enid and the maid, putting herself to bed, and not forgetting to say her prayers. In her calico nightgown she sat down at the dusty writing-desk and began to write—fiercely, rapidly, with her old heart hot with hate of them.

"This is a family of lunatics," she wrote. "If I should die to-night as the result of a visit from this creature they call 'Jinny,' I give and bequeath all my money to the Melbourne Home for Cats."

She signed the letter "Harriet Jane Mumford," addressed it to her solicitor in London, and rang the bell for the maid.

"Fetch the cook, please!"

"The cook is undressing, madam."

Aunt Harriet reached for her old-fashioned reticule, and drew out two crisp five-pound notes.

"One for you and one for the cook, if you sign this paper and keep your mouths shut!" she snapped tartly.

Cook came bustling into the room with her hair in curlers and a mackintosh over her nightgown. Aunt Harriet, holding the two notes in her shaky old hand, was like a picture of Nemesis come to life. The letter was duly witnessed, sealed, stamped and handed to the maid to post.

Aunt Harriet parted with the two five-pound notes reluctantly.

"That's more than these English Mumfords would give you in a month of Sundays!" she said tartly. "Come back and tell me when it is in the box!"

Five minutes later the scared maid put her head round the door.

"It's posted, madam."

AUNT HARRIET slept fitfully at first, to be awakened later by the faint, far-off tinkling of a bell. Feet shuffled on the stairs above her. She sat bolt upright between the drawn curtains of her bed, breathing hard. One—two. . . . One—two. . . . One—two.

It was "Jinny"!

"Jinny" was coming down the stairs, along the corridor, tinkling her little bell! Aunt Harriet gave a yelp like a scared puppy and her old heart began to race. Bumpety-bump—bumpety-bump. . . . The footsteps drew nearer. They were almost outside her door.

They were outside her door!

She made a strangling sound in her throat, clutched at the bell-rope, and fell back before she reached it. Her last thought was one of triumph. That letter was already in the post.

Then the door opened softly. The light was switched on. But Aunt Harriet had left The Grange for ever. Harry, gaping at her in his pyjamas, with his horse's teeth bared in a foolish grin, tip-toed to the bed-and drew the sheet over Aunt Harriet's grey face.

He began to laugh, hysterically—a mad, low burble of insane laughter. Didn't like his stable stories, eh? No sense of humour—not as he understood it, anyway.

At the door he paused, looking back, tapping his prominent Mumford teeth with a shaking finger.

"Good old 'Jinny'!" he whispered. "The Mumford Luck again!"

THE END.

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Flying, Smuggling and the Theatre

By V. S. Pritchett

THE literature of flying is still a poor one, and what Count Keyserling called our "civilisation of chauffeurs" lags far behind that of the great navigators when it comes to writing despatches. Such wonderful journeys, such lifeless books. And there is always that awful altitude mysticism of "the higher the purer" which has been taken over whole from the Himalayan mountaineers of the last generation—as if St. Peter at the gates of Heaven were saying, "Only those with a good head for heights admitted." Far from suggesting an altitude mysticism, flying, in the present state of the world, surely encourages the belief that the One and Unutterable is a troglodyte; a new evangelist who did not invert the traditional positions of heaven and hell could hardly succeed in our time. One more complaint against the literature of flying: with one or two exceptions, it is written by the famous and notorious. The stale taste of yesterday's publicity is in their names and one is not likely to get interesting writing on an electric sign.

ON the face of it, therefore, one can have no great expectations of Mrs. Lindbergh's *Listen! The Wind* (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*). But she has disarmed me entirely. No other book on an adventurous flight comes anywhere near to its quality, either in the writing, which is sensitive, simple and gracious, or in the matter, which is real and unusual on every page. Truth is most truthful when it reads like good fiction; Mrs. Lindbergh's is not merely the narrative of a series of jumps from West Africa to the Cape Verde Isles, back to Bathurst and then across the short Atlantic route to Natal in South America; it is the inner, complex story of the new kinds of human relationship which flying has made.

The Lindberghs are quintessential modern man. Because they are refreshingly reserved, they introduce one most faithfully and naturally to the phenomenon. On the bug-ridden, feverish, half-caste isolation of Cape Verde, where the people who helped them stood languid, stoical, gazing and inert, the aviators descended suddenly, not merely with a 'plane but with a load of utterly different habits of thought and life. They were gods with new virtues, new promises and new disillusions. On the one hand were two people who could visit three continents in a week, whose life was touched every minute by the inventions which have destroyed space, who though they might be murmuring poetry to themselves in the small privacy which the modern man has, could be called up by a press agency in mid-air and mid-Atlantic and be asked for an interview; who were afraid of grubby sheets, insects and microbes, but who would accept death by accident or scientific miscalculation as easily as switching off the electric light. And, on the other hand, there were the people of the Cape Verde anchorage for whom space was still emptiness, time a kind of pathos; this man with his fever, this other with half-pay because he was not a white man. Mrs. Lindbergh's gift is sympathy with strangers; not the turning on of the bland philanthropical tap of sentiment but something like an acute ear for the undertones in living. She has written a book which is certain to make a lasting mark on the memory.

Algernon Blackwood, by Gurschner

Herbert Gurschner's exhibition, including this portrait of Algernon Blackwood as a Tibetan seer, is being opened to-day (9th) at Cooling's Gallery by Sir George Franckenstein, former Austrian Minister. Algernon Blackwood spends much of his time in Austria, which is also the country of the artist. His "Stories of the Supernatural and the Uncanny" have just been republished in one volume by Martin Secker

THE art of simply being oneself in autobiography is difficult. This kind of writing is born and not made. Miss Elsa Lanchester's *Charles Laughton and I* (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*), of course, manages it perfectly. Unsophisticated but hard-headed, caustic but sincere, very original, intelligent and amusing, and as independent as a cat, her book dwells with affectionate malice on the rise of Henry VIIIth, etc., from the hotel industry in Scarborough and on her own odd path from home weaving in Clapham to the Cave of Harmony. And so to the Old Vic and Hollywood. She has a striking critical intuition and she does not stop at the theatre. The kind of wit she excels in is not the devastating but the dry and brief which opens up rich prospects of reflection: "We inserted our own limericks and mottoes into the Christmas crackers, and John Armstrong, the family poet, casting censorship to the winds, gave of his best and threw new light on many old themes."

SERGIUSZ PIASETSKI is a Pole who has spent the last ten years of his life in prison for crimes of violence. In a small cell containing a dozen or more fellow prisoners, he wrote *Lover of the Great Bear* (Routledge; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is the powerful and exciting story of what, I take it, is his own life as a smuggler and hi-jacker on the Polish-Soviet frontier. Piasetski can write. He has the naïve and vital Slavonic imaginativeness and emotion and the power of giving vivid physical impressions of extraordinary people. The smugglers are the primitive heroes of the frontier. Their bands go out at night and slip through the wilderness and forest with the cunning of rats. Sometimes they swindle their employers, sometimes attack each other; if caught in Russia they are usually condemned to death, though Vladek, the narrator in this book, managed to escape from his Red Army guards when he was caught. Back in their own town the life of the smugglers is vainglorious and orgiastic; it is all vodka, women and fights. After his escape from Russia, Vladek found his mistress had left him, and he then became the lone wolf. Embittered, reckless and living alone in the forest, he took to attacking other gangs. He had the countryman's horror of the vices of the city when he went there!

MR. RHYS DAVIES is a romantic Welsh novelist who writes a mixture of poetic and slipshod English and who never seems to have made his mind up about his manner. A bit of a highbrow, a bit of a regionalist, in the fashion of, say, A. E. Coppard, he gets out the D. H. Lawrence tags when he turns to middle-class characters. His small-town Welsh comedy is always spirited, and there is nothing commonplace about his observation. There is nothing as good in the rest of *Jubilee Blues* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) as the first chapter, which describes one of those almost Byzantine Welsh funerals. The book repeats a familiar theme in Mr. Rhys Davies' books: the destruction of rural life in Wales by an industrialism which has in the end brought ruin on the country. One follows this theme in the life of the magnificent Cassie, who marries into a pub and loses everything in the slump. Cassie's liking for fits of gloom charmed me; for while modern heroines are allowed to be fed up, Cassie goes deeper. She is allowed a good cry for the sheer pleasure of it and to the obvious admiration of the author.

THREE novels also recommended are:

Flying Colours. By C. S. Forester. (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Such Harmony. By Susan Goodyear. (Chatto and Windus; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

The Best Short Stories (*British and American*), 1938. Edited by E. J. O'Brien. (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Busby

A Chinese wedding procession, depicted in carved gilt figures mounted on black patent leather, adds considerable interest to the plain wool frock on the right from Jay's, Regent Street. It comes from the model salons on the first floor, and is cut on very simple lines with a becoming shawl scarf worked with narrow bands of Persian lamb. Each figure in the wedding procession has its own story and can be removed from the belt and worn separately on another dress or hat. The bridal group is worn at the neck, and according to ancient custom the bride herself is hermetically sealed in her "chaise à porteur," as she must be hidden from prying eyes until she is married. It is interesting to note the tremendous revival in unusual costume jewellery this season. Almost anything may be worn from a Victorian locket to a Hindu anklet, while jangling bracelets are especially popular

Welcome for Winter

A fur coat at this time of year ceases to be a mere luxury, and becomes an absolute necessity. The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, specialise in the finest quality furs at wholesale prices. They have no shop window but extensive showrooms on the first floor, and all their models are produced in their own workrooms by expert designers and experienced cutters. One of their newest coats is shown on the right. It is made in a fine quality black Persian lamb, and is cut on fitting lines with a flared skirt and built-up shoulders. The silky skins are beautifully matched, and it only costs forty-nine guineas. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent free, while furs can be ordered on approval provided a banker's reference is given

Put your money into tweeds is very sound advice to any woman living in the country, as nothing looks nicer than a really well-cut suit. Bernard Weatherill, 55, Conduit Street, designed the model below in black and grey tweed. The plain skirt is slightly flared, and the jacket close fitting, in black and grey check. It has diagonal pockets with "rip" fasteners, no collar and a belt. This suit made to measure costs nine guineas, while classic tailormades in various suitings are from ten guineas. This firm also specialise in riding clothes for hunting and hacking, either side saddle or astride, and have prepared an illustrated leaflet showing a few of their habits suitable for various occasions. This will gladly be sent gratis and post free to all who write for it

Scott Bushe

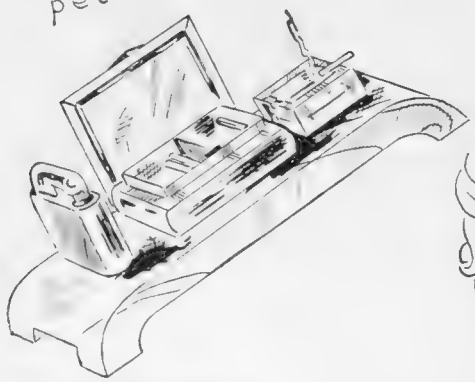
pictured by pam

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of Novelties

discovered by peta

The "Westclox Travalarm" is something quite new in travelling alarum clocks. It keeps excellent time and is designed like a miniature army tank with a guard front which slides into position covering the face entirely. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, have it for 25s.

Floral jewellery is still very much the rage, and looks particularly charming at night, worn with a strapless picture frock. The rosebud necklace sketched above with its matching bracelet is designed by Marjorie Castle, 55, Grosvenor Street. It is made in porcelain and is obtainable with either pink or yellow buds

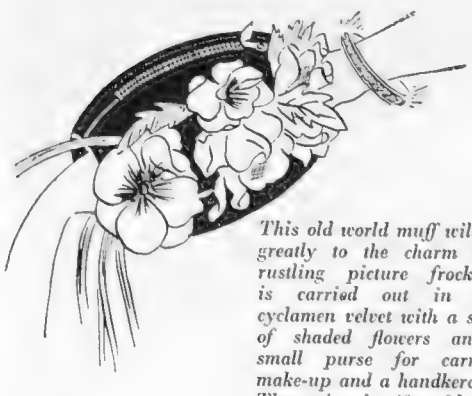


If you are looking for a really handsome wedding present you will find it at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Here is a suggestion from the gift department on the ground floor; a smoker's set in chestnut pigskin consisting of cigarette box, lighter and glass ashtray, all for 7 guineas

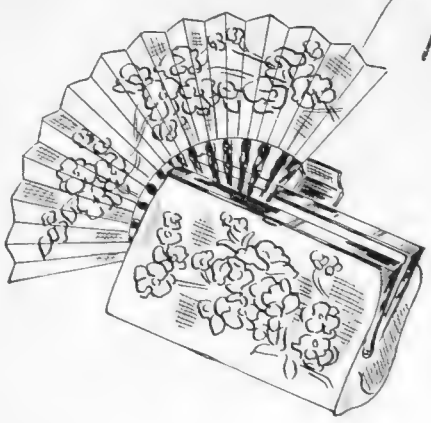
Frivolous head-dresses play an important part in Marjorie Castle's winter collection, and here is something to remind you of Spring. On piled up curls she perches a black velvet saucer filled with white narcissi. It costs 37s. 6d. and is the making of a long sleeved dinner frock

The Hungarian custom of drinking "Barack," a delicious peach brandy, straight from the bottle, inspired the design for this liqueur set from Harrods. In gold frosted glass, hand-painted with vivid colours, the decanter and six glasses cost 32s. 6d. Drinking straight from the bottle is really quite easy, difficult though it may appear

Marjorie Castle showed this massive necklace and bracelet in oxidised silver with an emerald green dinner frock. They are copied from an old design in Mexican jewellery. The bracelets are 3 guineas a pair and the necklace by itself costs 5½ guineas



This old world muff will add greatly to the charm of a rustling picture frock. It is carried out in dark cyclamen velvet with a spray of shaded flowers and a small purse for carrying make-up and a handkerchief. The price is 49s. 6d. and it comes from Harvey Nichols



Victorian fans have come back into fashion with the return of crinolines. Sketched on the left is a silver brocade handbag with a fan to match from Harvey Nichols. They are hand-painted with wild roses and cost 65s. the set. The fan can be carried in the bag which is lined with satin

GO

Advice of prominent car manufacturers for 1939 is "Go—don't wait for engine to warm up. Drive straight off after starting." Reason is that nine out of ten new cars will have automatic chokes. They give quicker warming up, save cylinder wear. But they demand petrol equally quick on the up-take. Shell, 100% pure and fortified by "re-formed" petrol, is exceptionally volatile and perfectly suited to the new conditions.

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SHELL FOR GO

FOR SHELL

Pictures that Speak for Themselves (1)

A new Rover "Fourteen" saloon, priced at £330

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE past season's racing has proved two things conclusively. The first is that, apart from big-time formula racing, standard sports-car events are the most successful, because the most popular; and the second is that to be successful and popular, such events must be long-distance races. The invariable success of the Le Mans twenty-four-hours race, and the popularity of the 1937 twelve-hours sports-car race at Donington, and the 1938 six-hours sports-car race at Brooklands may be selected as examples to prove my point.

It may be intelligent anticipation, therefore, to prophesy that a really first-class long-distance sports-car event near home would receive sufficient official support from the motor industry to ensure its entire success. I should like to see a twenty-four-hours event, run on Le Mans lines, over a really stiff course. Neither Brooklands nor the Crystal Palace could stage such a race, as the opposition from local residents would be too potent an obstacle, and I believe that Donington would be too tiring for the drivers and not sufficiently searching for the cars.

After the recent International Grand Prix, Nuvolari, asked his opinion of the Donington circuit, described it as "acrobatic." That word exactly meets the case. The driver has to concentrate the whole time, getting no respite at all, and a long-distance race through the night on such a circuit would be very dangerous. There remains, however, an ideal circuit for such a race in the Isle of Man motor-cycle T.T. course. The Manx authorities understand more thoroughly than most just now how to organise an important race. The Manx people are enthusiasts, and the Island's generosity to the R.A.C. in the matter of prize-money when that body was running races there is still gratefully appreciated by those of us who know about it. The course, with its long pull-up from Ramsey over the mountain, is one to call for mechanical stamina, but it would not be over-exacting on the drivers, as there are stretches where a partial relaxation could be indulged in without undue risk. Some control of the mountain sheep would be desirable, but not essential, and really, the more I think about it, the more confident I feel that such a race, run by the Manx Club, would rival Le Mans in popularity. I wonder if there is any hope of such an event being staged? I will gladly give any assistance I can to help it along.

LOOKING through the Brooklands results of the past three seasons, I was struck by the number of wins scored in the various handicap classes at B.A.R.C. meetings only. Thus—

Class	1936	1937	1938	Total
Up to 750 c.c.	2	10	2	14
Up to 1100 c.c.	16	6	3	25
Up to 1500 c.c.	12	4	14	30
Up to 2000 c.c.	5	3	8	16
Up to 3000 c.c.	3	2	2	7
Up to 5000 c.c. and over	7	8	6	21
Number of races	45	33	35	113

It will be seen that the 1500-c.c. class comes out on top, although only four races were won by such cars in 1937. This is largely

(Concluded on page x)

Winter Sports

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5. *Reserved seats on outward journey.*
6. *Meals on outward journey.*
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DRESS TROUSERS	45/-	DRESS TIES	*from* 1/-

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Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page viii)*

accounted for by the fact that both E.R.A. and Fraser-Nash B.M.W. cars have raised the score during the past season to fourteen. The greatest individual class score for any one season was in the 1100-c.c. class in 1936, and this, I think, is primarily due to the successful season enjoyed that year by Riley cars—particularly by Freddie Dixon

Last year (1937) was the heyday of the 750, and Austin and M.G. cars were fighting it out tooth and nail. The consistently low number of wins of 3-litre cars is only a reflection of the paucity of entries in this class—actually the percentage of wins per entry compares quite favourably with any other class. The one outstanding inference to be drawn from these figures is that "Ebby" shows no preference or weakness to any one class.

Over the years, the classes level up remarkably evenly, the only slight advantage being with the over 5000-c.c heavy metal—but that, possibly, is more a question of Brooklands' showmanship than of Brooklands' handicapping!

Pictures that Speak for Themselves (II)

A special Barclay designed brougham de ville by James Young on a 4¼ litre Bentley chassis

LOOKING through the bulletin of the Company of Veteran Motorists recently, I came upon a case of peculiar interest. It appears that one of their members, living in Yeovil, after a special broadcast appeal to motorists to renew their licences early, renewed the Road Fund licence of his car a few days before the expiry of the old licence. He at once put up the new licence, but was stopped by a constable and was asked to produce the old one. Had he renewed his licence at a post-office, as is quite customary, the authorities would have retained the old one, and he would not have been able to produce it.

The secretary of the Veteran Motorists took up the question with the local police, who still claimed that the motorist was liable if he could not produce the current licence. Later, the question was put to the Ministry of Transport, who reversed the ruling, quoting Road Vehicles' Amendment Regulations, 1933, which provides that the "term 'licence' shall include a licence for the next ensuing licensing period issued in advance by any council or post-office." They went on to say that, "in view of the above, it does not appear to the Minister that any inconvenience should be caused to motorists renewing their licences at post-offices before the expiry of the current licensing period . . ."

TO end on a note of gossip: did you know that M. Raph, who has been seen over here this year at the wheel of Ecurie Bleue Delahayes, is the son of Maurice Chevalier?

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Sailing from Southampton, visiting Las Palmas, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Curacao, Cartagena, Cristobal, Jamaica, Cayman Is., Havana, Miami, Nassau, Puerto Rico, St. Lucia, St. Kitts, Antigua and Madeira.
55 DAYS from 110 GNS.
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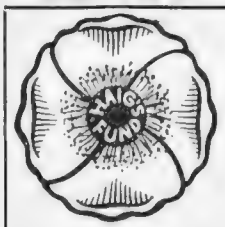

20 YEARS AGO

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning We will remember them."

Poppy Day is the finest opportunity we have to remember in a practical way the heroism and sacrifices of the War. Poppy Day finances the work of the British Legion for the survivors, thousands of whom to-day are gravely handicapped by age, sickness and the strain of the War years. These men, and the dependants who share their need, have the strongest possible claim on your sympathy. Please help the Legion to help them by giving as much as you possibly can for your Poppies of Remembrance.

POPPY DAY Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be thankfully received by Poppy Day Committees or by Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Haig's Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7. POPPY SELLERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED. Ladies willing to volunteer for this work should communicate with the Local Committees or the Headquarters of Haig's Fund

Where Every Beautiful Hair Dressing Begins...

Every lovely coiffure owes its beauty to healthy hair; for, as all good hairdressers agree, hair that is healthy takes a permanent wave better, *keeps a permanent wave longer* and sets more easily and charmingly.

There is no better way of keeping the hair healthy than regular brushing with a Mason Pearson brush — the brush that *really* brushes.

With its slender spired tufts of black wild boar bristles, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson penetrates right to the scalp. It stimulates, aerates, sweeps away dust and dandruff and lifts every disarranged strand into place, restoring the set to its proper formation.

And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave. Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.

Favourite Models from **7/6** *to* **18/6**

Cheaper Models from **3/11** *to* **5/9**

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MASON PEARSON

London England

SPORTING BRONZES . . .

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 gns.

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BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST

Keep Colds away with VAPEX

TRADE MARK INHALANT

Colds and 'flu affect the entire system; physically and mentally they impair your efficiency. Avoid them by using Vapex regularly—or, if you already have a cold, Vapex will quickly put you right by dealing direct with the *cause* of your distress.

VAPEX KILLS THE GERMS

Vapex stops colds and 'flu by destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the pleasant germicidal vapour frequently.

Each breath you take in this way will assist nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately—respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stuffiness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

SAFETY Vapex is perfectly harmless. It contains no habit-forming drugs which require increased dosage to obtain effect. It does not merely "bottle-up" the germs—it helps you to get rid of them safely. Vapex has a natural action—assisting the body to repel cold germs without affecting the delicate membranes of the nose and throat.

Use Vapex as a protection against colds and 'flu. Office-workers, school-children, cinema-goers all need Vapex as a safeguard from germs, which are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

A single sprinkling on the handkerchief will last all day, because Vapex has the unusual property of gaining strength when exposed to the air.

Breathe the antiseptic vapour deeply and often.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V188 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

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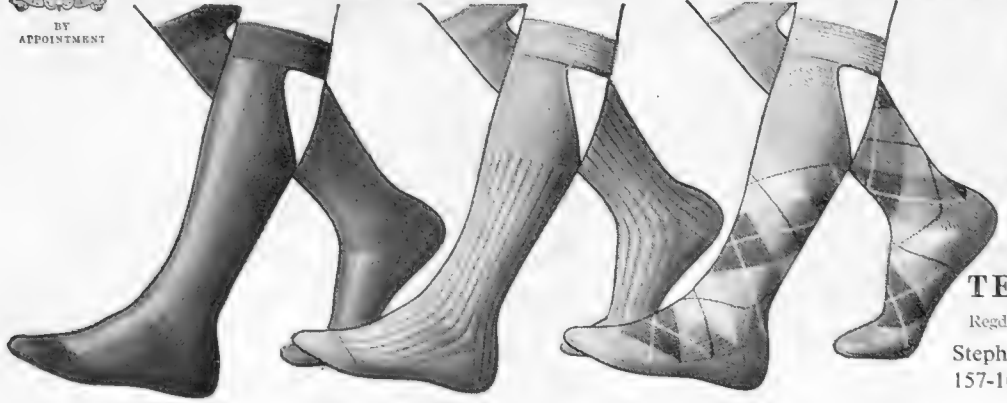

The ultimate stage of sock evolution, Tenova socks are sock and suspender all in one piece. They need no adjustment, no attention. The band at the top, containing Lastex yarn, keeps them always comfortably up. And naturally, when the socks go to the laundry, the band goes too. For town, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis, from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. For evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

TENOVA self-supporting socks

Regd. Trade Mark 506265. Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974

Stephens Bros. Ltd., Distributors for Tenova Ltd. 157-161 Regent Street, London, W.1. Regent 2424

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 231)*

if they wished, that is to say, but they could also take a short punt or initiate a passing movement, thereby retaining possession, and possibly catching their opponents unawares.

This, he maintains, would not only greatly increase the value of the penalty and thereby force players to be more scrupulous in their observance of the laws, but it would bring fresh variety to the game and stimulate alertness and thought about the possibilities of attack.

I give you the suggestion for what it is worth. And it certainly seems to me to deserve discussion.

THE laws of Rugby football are becoming almost as useful a topic of conversation as the weather. And there are one or two pretty little arguments going on in the boxing world also. What about Kid Tanner, for example, the mystery coloured boxer from British Guiana? Tanner worked his way over on a cargo-boat to this country a year ago, with no plans and no reputation behind him.

Johnny Best, at the Liverpool Stadium, gave him a chance; and since then he has had twenty fights over here, and won them all within the distance.

Now the British Board of Control have put him up against Johnny King, our bantam champion, for the Empire title—and King must be wondering whether he really welcomes the match against this relatively unknown fighter.

Undoubtedly Tanner is an extremely awkward customer—beautifully built, and with a tremendous punch—and among his victims is Len Hampston.

Then there is the question of whether Eric Boon and Arthur Danahar should be matched. It seems to me a ready-made fight. But there is a certain reluctance to bring these very likely light-weights together. At the National Sporting Club last week, Danahar looked the better of the two; and the punch with which he stopped Kestrell was a beauty.

Both these boys, at any rate, have the makings of champions in them, and they 're bound to meet sooner or later.

THE Freshmen's Sports at Oxford and Cambridge don't appear to have produced much outstanding material.

J. F. Lockwood, of Oxford, showed real promise as a sprinter, and in the low hurdles; and G. R. V. Dowling, the Midlands 220-yards champion, must have made some impression on the Cambridge President.

K. B. Keith may be a future asset to Cambridge as a jumper, and the Cambridge middle-distance newcomers looked rather better than their Oxford rivals.

Kay Stammers at the Church

Kay Stammers left Sandridge Parish Church, near St. Albans, not with a bridegroom, as this picture appears to show, but with a groomsman; she was bridesmaid to her cousin, Miss Nora Denton, who married Mr. Trevor Haywood last week

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

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A Modern Medley

Keep the Home Fires Burning

NOW that winter is here, many of us are confronted with the problem of trying to heat a cold house. If the rooms are large, the average open fire is totally inadequate, and if they are small, there still remains the difficulty of maintaining an even temperature, as this is bound to drop overnight. Esse, however, have solved this problem by their continuously burning stoves, which need never go out from the moment they are lit. They give out a splendid heat which, by means of a special device, can be regulated according to how cold the weather is. Very little fuel is consumed; in fact, it has been proved that an Esse stove can be kept alight throughout the winter for as little as threepence a day, which works out at less than a farthing an hour. Apart from being an economical proposition, there is the enormous saving in labour, and the fact that wherever there is an Esse stove the walls are kept at an even temperature, which makes all the difference to the atmosphere of a room. A model known as the B. J. Esse No. 3, specially designed by Betty Joel, is illustrated on this page, and may be seen in the Esse showrooms at 63, Conduit Street. Its simple, straightforward lines are very pleasing, and particularly suited to the modern style of furnishing. There are, of course, other designs, some of which have all the appearance of an open fire. This is obtained by opening the two doors in the front of the stove, and when it is realised that one of these fires installed in the main room of an average house will keep all the passages warm, it seems that here is an adequate solution to one of winter's most pressing problems.

Safeguard Your Skin

A WOMAN'S complexion suffers far more during the winter months than at any other time, as constant exposure to wind and rain tends to coarsen it. This can be prevented, however, by the use of Beetham's Larola, which should always be massaged into the face and hands after washing last thing at night. By day it affords an excellent foundation for make-up, and compares favourably with any cream, as it leaves a thin film to which powder will readily adhere. Larola can always be used with absolute confidence, as it is guaranteed to be pure and free from all injurious ingredients. Nurses find it invaluable for children who suffer from chafing of the skin. Being an emollient, it will soothe and allay any sort of irritation, including sunburn, for those who are contemplating a winter cruise. It is sold everywhere at 1/6 and 2/6 the bottle, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining it, application must be made to M. Beetham and Son, Cheltenham, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. This firm, incidentally, have brought out an interesting booklet entitled "The Cult of Beauty" which they will gladly supply free of charge. It contains many valuable hints regarding the various uses of Larola, together with illustrations of the different massage movements. It is most important that all these should be gentle and yet firm. They must always work upwards and outwards, and never backwards and forwards, as this will only stretch the skin. Regular massage night and morning is essential, and the skin should always be thoroughly cleansed with Larola both before and after.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1938. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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AN INEXPENSIVE EVENING TWO-PIECE in fine quality crease-resisting velvet with shirred Bodice and Bolero Coatee. Cuffs of dyed Squirrel. In Parma, Paris-blue, Tangerine, Lacquer-red and Black. Other colours to order. Price 8½ Gns.

Special Measurements 21/- extra

AN INEXPENSIVE EVENING GOWN and COATEE in fine quality crease-resisting Velvet with new Corsage Belt and full Skirt. Coatee trimmed with band of dyed Squirrel. In Parma, Paris-blue, Kingfisher-blue, Lacquer-red and Black. Other colours to order. Price 8½ Gns.

Special Measurements 21/- extra

YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT No. 19—SECOND FLOOR

JAY'S LTD. REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Douglas

Tess Chattock

Esther Penelope (Tess) Chattock, younger daughter of the late Richard Chattock and Mrs. Chattock, of 7, Douglas House, Maida Hill West, W.2, is engaged to John Arnold Ellert, of Ractons, Henfield, Sussex, son of the late Arnold Ellert and Mrs. Ellert

Pearl Freeman

Ailie Pyemont Reed

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hubert Reed, of 10, Bishopswood Road, Highgate, and is engaged to Dr. William Henry Casswell Spooner, The Old Bank House, Rolandford, Dorset, son of the late Dr. W. Casswell Spooner, and Mrs. Spooner, of 24, Barrow Road, Cambridge

Lenare

Doreen Oldfield

Doreen Scott Christall Oldfield, only daughter of Major and the late Mrs. F. B. Oldfield, of Whitsbury Cross, Fordingbridge, is to marry Lt.-Com. Ronald McCellan Powning Jonas, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Jonas, of Avonside, Fordingbridge, Hants

Pearl Freeman

Susan Maude-Roxby

Katharine Mary (Susan) Maude-Roxby, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Com. Leycester Maude-Roxby and Mrs. Roxby, of The Sanctuary, Morden, Surrey, is engaged to Henry Josceline Phillimore, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillimore, of The Old Farm, Swinbrook, Oxon

Catherine Bell

Joan Cull

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. K. Cull, of Dene Lodge, Ash Green, Surrey, and is engaged to Patrick John Gold, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gold, of Delamere Cottage, Sandiway, Cheshire

Elliott & Fry

Margaret Turner

Is the elder daughter of Mr. Sydney G. Turner, K.C., and Mrs. Turner, of Brantwood, Putney Heath Lane, S.W.15; her fiancé is Geoffrey P. Whitaker, son of the late Sir James Smith Whitaker and Lady Whitaker, of Guildford, Surrey

Court Photos, Bournemouth

Joyce Slade

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harcourt Slade and is engaged to Philip Pope, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Rolph Pope, of South Court, Dorchester. The marriage will take place in the New Year

Dorothy Wilding

Joan Darcy Lever

Is engaged to Captain Philip Herbert Richardson, the Queen's Royal Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Richardson, of Shiremark, Capel, Surrey; she is the second daughter of the late J. D. Lever and Mrs. Moon, of Highfield, Tiverton, Devon

Yevonde

Elisabeth Jean Burgess

Is the only daughter of Professor A. H. Burgess, F.R.C.S., D.C.L., and Mrs. Burgess, of Ashlea, Cheadle, Cheshire; she is engaged to Thomas Alexander Bell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bell, of The Gables, Alderley Edge, Cheshire

Elwin Neame

Deenagh Blennerhassett

Is the daughter of the late Richard F. P. Blennerhassett and Mrs. Blennerhassett, of Kells, Co. Kerry, and 74, Elm Park Road, S.W., and is to marry R. J. M. Goold-Adams, son of the late Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, G.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Goold-Adams, of 87, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

Lenare

Barbara Evelyn Carr-Walker

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carr-Walker, of Almsford House, Harrogate; her fiancé is Captain H. L. B. Kealy, Royal Signals, eldest son of Sir Herbert Kealy, C.I.E., and Lady Kealy, of Oxford

Lenare

Lou Ensor

Perla Elizabeth Mary (Lou) Ensor, younger daughter of Mrs. R. C. H. Ensor, of 17, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7, is to marry Henry Robert Dunlop Hill, the Queen's Royal Regt., only son of Lt.-Col. Hill, D.S.O., and Mrs. Hill, of Callow Hill House, Monmouth

(Continued on page D)

Please give generously
REMEMBRANCE DAY
NOV. 11

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The Elegance of Velvet

"Gloria"

Matron's afternoon gown in crease-resisting velvet—black and the season's colours. Hips 44, 46, 48, 50, 52

7 Gns.

Extra-size Gowns First Floor

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Oliver — Brind

It was an Army wedding at St. Mary's, Poona, between Major W. P. Oliver, Royal West Kents, elder son of Captain P. V. Oliver, R.N., and Mrs. Oliver, of Valence House, Sutton Valence, Maidstone, and Marjorie Elizabeth (Betty) Brind, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Brind, G.O.C.-in-Chief, Southern Command, India, and the late Mrs. Brind

Davies — Crawford

Richard Anthony Davies and Noel Alys Crawford were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Davies, of Rio de Janeiro, and is in the Royal Berkshire Regiment; she is the only daughter of the late H. G. Crawford and Mrs. Rita Crawford, of Red Hatch, Yateley, Hants.

Balfour — Beddall

David Mathers Balfour, son of Mr. George Balfour, M.P., and Mrs. Balfour, of Elmstead Lodge, Chislehurst, Kent, and Mary Elisabeth Beddall, daughter of the late John M. Beddall and the late Constance Beddall, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Black — Burrell

Richard Gordon Vernon Black, second son of Major and Mrs. J. D. Black, of Newpark House, Annan, Dumfriesshire, and Philippa Burrell, daughter of the late Captain W. M. Burrell and Mrs. J. D. Crawley, of Broompark, Alnwick, were married at St. Paul's, Alnwick, Northumberland

Brookes — Goldthorp

Desmond Cannon Brookes, elder son of Mr. and the late Mrs. T. Cannon Brookes, of 98, Piccadilly, and Suffolk House, Frinton-on-Sea, and Mary Kathleen Goldthorp, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Goldthorp, of Priestley Green, near Halifax, were married at St. Matthew's, Lightcliffe, near Halifax

Carlow — Robertson Durham

Charles Carlow and Evelyn Hope Robertson Durham were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lindsay Carlow, of Adamton, Monckton, Ayrshire; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Robertson Durham, of 18, Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh

Kingzett — Agnew

It was a Holy Trinity, Brompton, wedding between Captain Brian Kingzett, R.H.A., second son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Norman Kingzett, of Karridale, West Byfleet, Surrey, and Elizabeth Agnew, only daughter of the late Captain V. C. W. Agnew, and Mrs. Board, of Glangwna, Caernarvon

Adams — Cherry

Captain George Philip Doyne Adams, the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, only son of Mr. P. H. Adams, of Tanglewood House, Boar's Hill, Oxford, married Patricia Adrienne Cherry at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. She is the youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Cherry, of Rangoon, Burma

Pritchett — Jensen

Geoffrey Charles Pritchett, only son of Mr. C. R. D. Pritchett, of the Barn Croft, East Woodhay, Newbury, married Dagmar (Dax) Jensen at Chelsea Old Church. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. E. P. Jensen, of 78, Vester Sogade, Copenhagen

(Concluded on page J)

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret:

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

I REMEMBER that last month I wrote my piece with my ear to the radio and my mind on war. I had done my rounds at a time when London was not dining-out very much, and more than one maître d'hotel was hourly expecting a call to his native colours. And a friend of mine, an attaché to a Middle-European Embassy in London, had been shuttling from one great restaurant to another in the West End, firmly convinced that on the morrow he was as good as dead. I met him three or four times last month on my rounds. And I met him again this month, eating, drinking, and being merry in celebration of his reprieve. So the Crisis was not an entire knock-out for London gastronomy.

At the Ritz Galli-Galli finds some unexpected chickens

The Ritz

THEY have added cabaret to the dancing at the Ritz now. As a rule the bill changes weekly. Gillie Potter has been there, with new scandals from Hogsnorton. Steve Geray and Trude Binar have been much to the liking of the rather special and fastidious Ritz clientèle.

This week Freddie Dosh is doing some of his superb imitations—trains, aeroplanes, almost anything. This is ten times more exciting than I can make it sound on paper. Go and hear him, quick.

Next week it 's Galli-Galli, whom you certainly remember as the conjurer who produces live chicks from the most hair-raising places. Max Hermann, too, is doing more imitations. Him, also, I have tried to get into words and failed. So I won't try again.

And Maya Chouri, from Hungary, is followed on the 28th by Jean Manet from France, both chanteuses of charm.

It is really enough to say that Henry Sherek looks after the booking of stars for the Ritz, as he does also for

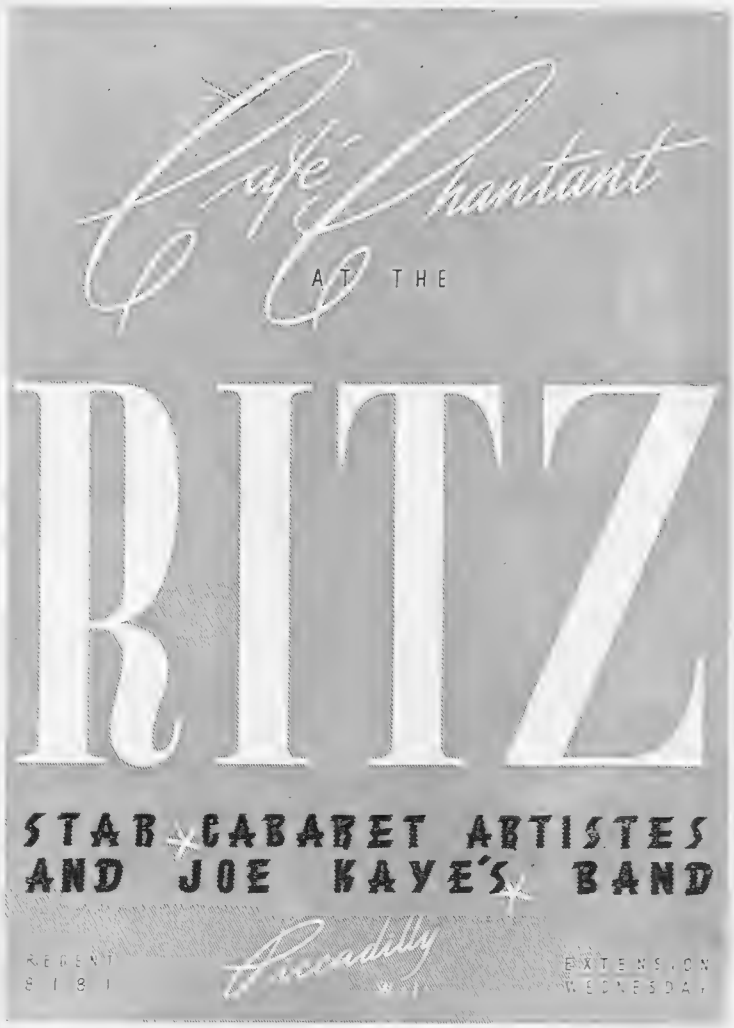
The Dorchester

"AUTUMN LAUGHTER" trips easily into its second edition to-night (9th), with slight alterations in the cast, but big differences in their offerings. Of most note is the arrival of the Calgary Brothers, whom you probably recall as the Caligaris. They came for one month's booking at the Dorchester three years ago, and stayed for seven. Sherek saw them again at the International Casino in New York, and signed them up again on the spot. Knockabout fools with cadaverous miens and merciless take-offs of everything most sacred to Terpsichore.

Nick Long remains and the beautiful girls, but with new frocks, new songs, and new caperings. Naunton Wayne stays put, thank heaven! He 's been provided with a mass of new material by Henry Sherek himself. He 's as funny after dinner as he is after supper, and to me he is unquestionably the best compère in as much of the world as I know.

Jack Jackson is the master of the bandstand, and, if anything, the place is fuller now than it ever was. Incidentally, there are many who go to the Dorchester for the food alone, and regard the cabaret and dancing as a pleasant extra. Tails and toppers, please.

The Calgary Brothers are back at the Dorchester



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Skating: Grown-ups .. 2/6
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Skates to hire .. 1/-
LESSONS AT ANY TIME
From 3/6 per Half-hour.

Daily:—
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2.45 — 6.0
7.45 — 10.45

THE RESTAURANT for Luncheon and Dinner. Buses 88, 32, 11, 77 pass within 100 yds. THE BAND Under Alec Browne.

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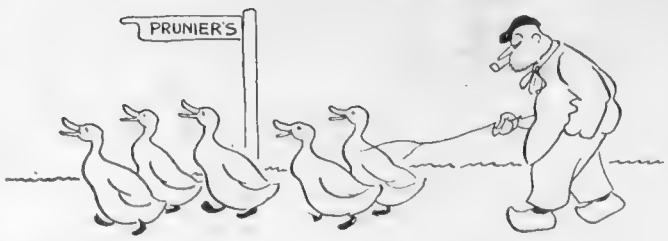
The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Exquisite in flavour and bouquet .... most wholesome because of many years in maturing ... the Empire's leading liqueur and a world-favourite. At all Restaurants.

Drambuie



French prelude to English pleasure

Prunier's

IN a few restaurants of Paris, and one in particular, the knowing will find at this season a "canard" done just so; a bird kept and fatted for your plate, probably on a farm near Rouen; a bird fleshy and tender, cooked with ceremony and exquisite exactitude at your table; a bird for whose peer you will come again.

But don't go to Paris for it. Go to Prunier's in St. James's Street. No, I 'm afraid you can't just walk in and ask for their "special canard" for lunch or dinner. It will be on the card of the day only now and again. You can get it for your own delectation if you order it a few days in advance, certainly. Otherwise I suggest you have Prunier's ring you and tell you when to go in and take pot luck, because it is no dish of a moment. It is something special, even for Prunier's.

Notes scribbled on the back of their lovely menu: oysters, scallops, lobster, pilaffs, sea-urchins, snails and foie-gras draw their votaries through November; ask to see Madame's great visitors' book, and the big names of the world; remember the "On Prendra" service for food and wines; ask the manager to take you round the wine-cellars in Blue Ball Yard near by, and you 'll know why Prunier's finds its way into big wine books; the Houbigant soaps in the washrooms; the pleasant, but different, atmosphere of Sunday night dinner; and the bécasse flambée, which may console you for missing the canard.

Tony's Grill

IT got in amongst me last week to hear that four keen, hungry and well-walletted diners got into a car to go to Tony's as a result of my most sincere boost of his offerings a month ago, and then found that none of them knew where Tony's was. In point of fact, Mayfair Place is not one of the streets through which Mayfair passes frequently. Up Berkeley Street from Piccadilly, and then first left before you come to Cook's. Or right off Stratton Street. There 's Tony's, on the premises that used to be the San Marco, premises that he has redecorated with a master touch, combining space and intimacy in an atmosphere that is its own best-seller.

One day I shall bone-up my wine-lore and try and tell you about Tony's huge list and precious bottles, though it deserves a Simon, Symonds, or Earle Welby to do it faint justice. Meanwhile, take a look at that menu, or, better, ask Tony to plan your dinner or

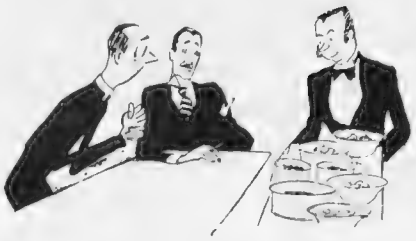
Tony and his Chef shop early

lunch. The most welcoming of hosts, he is a real master of his wares, and if a duck is being pressed or a woodcock "flambée," Tony will be there to do it. For game Tony is tops, and remember, he does his own buying in the early morning markets. No lobster is canned, no vegetable anything but fresh, and he will draw from the ends of the earth for new delicacies. Ask him about his newest experiment. If he brings it off, it will be as historic as snails and frogs'-legs from France.

The New Clarges

IT looks like a hotel from the outside, Clarges or Half Moon Street. It *is* a hotel, and part of the charm of the restaurant service is that you are treated as though you were a guest of long standing. Binaco is of the type of those country-house butlers who make you fudge in the pantry and lend you their black tie when you 've forgotten to pack your own. A maître in a million, in charge of a restaurant whose tables are the feasting-places of the buoyant

business man, the haven of the St. James's Street clubman who hates the sight of his fellow members, the roost of gourmets and the bolt-hole of society's darlings who want to get away from it all. Landed gentry who *have* to come up to town for a wedding or a debate, wire the New Clarges, and if it is full, that's a perfectly good reason for staying in the country.



Church and State at the New Clarges

The restaurant is fullest for lunch and late dining. But before the theatre you cannot do better than to put your case to Binaco, and he'll see that you get there at 8.29 in the best of moods, thanks to the best of foods. The specials that I go for there are the oysters, the soups and the steaks. And when in funds, a certain great hock. Fairly expensive, yes. But what would you?

La France Gourmande

THAT is the name of the little shop next door to l'Ecu de France M. Sender, of l'Ecu, opened it some months back to complete his service of offering to London all that is best and most typical of the districts of his native France. No gourmet but knows now how superbly the restaurant fulfils its ambition. And here is the wheel at full circle. The friandises, pastries, bon-bons, chocolates, petits fours that are known by travelling connoisseurs as each a speciality of some one town of France, are here for your purchase and your delight. M. Sender himself knows the "little men" of the "little shops" of the "little towns" personally, and he has organised the production and transport of their miracle wares for London. As he says: "The soul of every province is expressed in these exquisite crystallisations of the produce of orchards and gardens."

Christmas shopping has begun

At random from more than 150 varieties: Fraises de Metz, framboises de Colmar from Alsace-Lorraine, nougatines from Nivernais, truffes blanches from Savoie, nougat au miel from Provence, and the real, historic chocolate from Maison Weiss in St. Etienne, sent daily by M. Sender's own "chocolatier." And such pretty boxes, baskets and packings. Go and see them in the shop. Ask to be allowed to taste; and then get out your Christmas-list and begin from the top and end at the bottom. It does some scant justice to La France Gourmande to say that you can give its products to men and women with equal certainty that you will be blessed.

Hatchett's

THERE are some who, reading that Hatchett's has started to add huge bunches of flowers to its already blue-and-gold decorations, would say that the place is becoming soft. These would be they still out in the wilds of empire, who have not been home to their favourite restaurant since the year Manna won the Derby. They won't know that Boscasso is there, either. Nor that the wine-list has been worked up into one of the most impressive in

Nice flowers, nice food, nice people at Hatchett's

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(Two entirely different Shows)

"The Dorchester"

presents the 2nd EDITION of

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DOR-CHESTER HALE GIRLS

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CHAMPAGNE
1929 VINTAGE AND NON-VINTAGE
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LA FRANCE
GOURMANDE

"The only spot in London where can be obtained the finest friandises of France and the delicious chocolat Weiss from St. Etienne."

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KEMPINSKI'S

The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Hans and G. Kempinski. In the evening Jean Melville, the well-known broadcasting star, and Bruce Seton will entertain you in the restaurant. Castelli and his piano and Marjorie Dale, the Singing Cigarette Girl, will enchant and amuse you with their diversions in the tavern.

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Lower John Street, Nr. Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

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The RESTAURANT of FASHION

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Monsieur C. DERTU
PICCADILLY CIRCUS :: (Opposite London Pavilion)
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La Coquille

by Pagès, late Manager of Prunier's, London.

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I am popular at all sherry parties

REDNUTT

THE FINEST BROWN SHERRY PROCURABLE

ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF MORENO

Price 6/- per Bottle.
Sample Bottle FREE on application to your Wine Merchant.

London. Nor that Carruthers takes his best girl along now, and Blake stands his daughter treat there on her birthday.

In nothing is the change for the better more marked at Hatchett's these days than in the numbers and beauty of their feminine clientèle. Their males may go for the steaks or the old English hams, but they go for Boscasso's Supreme de Volaille and peaches. Cross my heart, I heard one bronzed and handsome say to another at lunch yesterday: "D' you often get to Cairo for week-ends?" But their ladies were discussing hair-up niceties the while.

Special dishes by the card are vastly good. But the theatre dinner at 6/- is as Lucullan a spread as any set-piece in London. Theatregoers like the speed of the service, the ministrations of Boscasso, and the reasonableness of the final bill, wines and all.

Kempinski's

I TOLD you last month that the restaurant on ground level, besides having some lovely new murals, has gone in for light cabaret. I take off my hat to the powers-that-be, not only for their main decision, but for their clever picking of entertainers—Messrs. Seton and Williamson, ably backed by La Melville. British all.

At Kempinski's, long cigars, long drinks, but no long faces

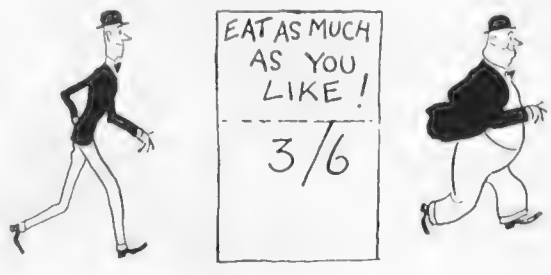
Bruce Seton you probably saw, as the hero to Ann Harding in *Love from a Stranger*. Tall, handsome, immaculately white-tied, he is a tremendously cheerful influence. The night I was there he sang in Scottish, Welsh, Irish, English, French, German and (I think) Spanish. The British numbers are of, or near, the "Students' Song Book," and I for one prefer them to your modern crooning. Williamson plays duets with Miss Melville, who in her turn sings excellently in the Gracie Fields genre. They keep it up, with short intermissions, far into the night, and I recommend Kempinski's not only for the dinner, but for the pleasant hours afterwards. In the Tavern downstairs, Castelly and Marjorie Dale continue their partnership. Everything informal. Kempinski's is a great place to know of.

The New Queen's

IN deference to the "r" in the months, the Cresta Bar in Leicester Square (you know, just next to the Empire) has become the Cresta Oyster Bar. As you know, too—and I know—there are oyster bars and oyster bars. Some say: "Best Natives 2/3 a dozen"; and "To-day's Specials, 1/9 a dozen." Others, where Uncle George goes, have "Best Natives, 10/- a dozen," and sometimes higher; and they know they stand or fall by their Uncle Georges. I am taking Uncle George along to the Cresta next week. The Cresta's oysters are quite as good as So-and-So's and Who 's-it's, but prices are about 25 per cent. lower.

The Cresta is part of the New Queen's, whose Bierkeller down the steps is doing grand lunch-time business as well as being packed for and after dinner. They 've got an eat-as-much-as-you-can-for-3/6 lunch, which keeps to the letter of its bond, and kills a veritable schoolboy hunger stone-dead with kindness.

For theatre dinners right on the spot, very good. For savouries and drinks after the movie, and a half-hour's talk with a pipe, very good. New Queen's, very good.



The New Queen's—before and after

Mr. King and His Silver Birch

King's Silver Birch

I HAVEN'T talked about the Silver Birch before, though I had heard of its success. Mr. King, proprietor, was well known to City and legal men, and his restaurant in Lincoln's Inn Fields was thronged for lunch and dinner till he sold out and came West with his winnings. He is now in Lower John Street, off Golden Square, and just across from the Regent Palace and the Piccadilly Theatre. To quote from existing literature, "it sets out to attract the man or woman with a little time to spare, a medium purse, and a palate for the best of meals."

Set lunch is 2/-, dinner 4/-, and there are many courses and big choices for each. The chef is Maurer, with thirty years' experience, and an artist's touch with sauces. The food, in spite of Maurer's Swiss origin, is homely, British and excellent. And Mr. King is rather justifiably proud of his staff's celerity with the theatre dinner, which you can get and enjoy, even in the rush hour, in 20 minutes dead.

Wines are comprehensive and reasonably priced, with some Château Clarets at and around 6/-. N.B.—Everything is very clean and comfortable.

Go and find the Silver Birch one day for lunch or dinner. And you might remember that they have a downstairs room useful for cocktails and parties. And if, when you go in to dinner, you are in doubt what to have, try the Maison King omelette.

L'Auberge de France

WITH your back to Piccadilly Circus and three floors above the noise of it, you can sit and con a staggering menu of dishes, preponderantly of France, very pleasantly priced, and cooked under the eagle eye of M. Dertu, now master in his own right, but quondam private chef to French notables, public chef to the Gargoyle Club here. This is the newly named Auberge de France, which used to be the Salzburg Grill until Dertu took command.

In the restaurant proper there is no longer any music. It is somewhere to eat, and to eat nobly. The Auberge, through a winding passage, is a room of nooks and crannies, spotlessly clean, and with a great grill at the far end, where you can see and hear your order being carried out. But that menu! The Specialities of the Day deserve a page to themselves. And if you can wait a few minutes, you will have brought to you such dishes as Galsworthy wrote of and Arnold Bennett ate. Get Dertu to explain them if you're undecided. He has a growing name, and the right people are making a beaten track to his door.

La Coquille

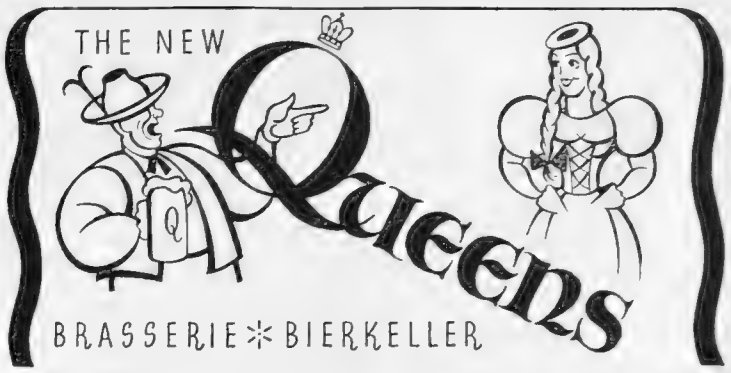
THIS month M. Pagès asked me to call your attention to his light wines. Which I do with some fervour. You can get full, half, and baby flagons of, for instance, champagne nature, Tavel Rosé Grand Cru, or Sancerre Rosé, which go excellently with the oysters, lobsters or omelettes of the house.

Food? You'd be surprised how many dishes of mussels they sell a day here—until you taste the mussels. To tripe-lovers, the Tripe à la Mode is highly tipped. Done in earthenware, it comes out a clean white, not grey. You'll find a Lobster Pilaff every day, and a chicken dish. And don't forget that you can get many of their best dishes to take away with you to "eat up at home." The Poulet Sauté Bourguignonne is specially successful this way. Decorations are by Paul Guieu, service by a quick and knowledgeable band of experts. Ground floor and downstairs, and no complaints.

The Westminster Ice Rink

AND now that you have eaten and drunk at all these generous places, you'd better think of your figures. And the best place to put that thought into constructive action is the Westminster Ice Rink, open again for your winter pirouettings till May or thereabouts. Skating is highly recommended by all the most highly priced beauticians for svelte line and "cheek rosé." Besides which, everything at the Westminster is as luxurious and convenient as ingenuity can make it. Not expensive, either.

The temperature is never lower than 60. If you're an expert, you'll find a garnished area of ice for you set aside from the profane and vulgar. Sessions, 10-1, 2.45-6, and 7.45-10.45. 2/6 a session.



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Westminster skating pupil outstrips instructor

Hire of skates, 1/-. "Popular" nights are Mondays and Fridays, when prices are even lower. Lessons start as low as 1/9, and they 've just enlisted the expert services of young Hermann Steinschaden, a well-known Continental wizard of the ice. Snack bar open for all. You can buy skates as well as hire. Alec Browne's band plays afternoon and evening. There 's 18,000 square feet of the most scrupulously kept ice in England, and morning and afternoon, children bring their nannies in droves, park them in the stalls, and take the stage with nonchalant skill and abandon Why not you ? EDAX.

SOME prominence has been given to a story that the breweries in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, were experiencing some difficulty in securing their water supply. This has not been the case, but frontier difficulties certainly did cause serious inconvenience in the matter of transport for a couple of weeks. This meant a temporary shortage of British supplies, but everything is again normal, and the devotee of the famous Pilsner Urquell beer need not fear that his order cannot be filled.

By Appointment
to the late King George V.

People say—

There is no

Scotch
Shortbread

so good as

Crawford's

Made by
CRAWFORD'S of EDINBURGH
and sold everywhere

Getting Married *(Continued from page D)*

Bassano

Pauline Helene Thorne

Is engaged to Patrick L. C. Brodie, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brodie, of 3, Eaton Square, S.W.1. She is the only daughter of the late T. L. Thorne, of Diemersfontein, Wellington, Cape Province, and Mrs. Thorne, of Kenilworth, Cape Province, South Africa

Lenare

Mary Alice Shoppee

Is engaged to Dennis Van Thal, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Van Thal, of Hanover House, Regent's Park, N.W.1. She is the elder daughter of the late Alick Shoppee, and Mrs. Shoppee, of 2, King's Gardens, Hove, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Valerie Maude

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Maude, of 18, Riverview Gardens, S.W.13, and a niece of Cyril Maude, the actor. Her fiancé is John Longhurst, second son of Dr. and Mrs. Longhurst, of 82, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10

Pearl Freeman

Allison Stewart

Is engaged to Clive Lewis, son of the late Mr. Lewis, of Capetown, and Mrs. Lewis, of 24, Camden House Chambers, W.8. She is the daughter of the late J. D. Stewart, and Mrs. Stewart, of Jack's Lodge, Hook Heath, Surrey, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Stewart, of Castle Douglas, Scotland

Pearl Freeman

Dr. Iris Mary Lamey

Is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. A. Lamey, of 1, Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth. She will be married next month to Wilfred H. B. Magauran, of 10, Harley Street, W.1, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. J. Magauran, of Cavan, Ireland

Navana

Diana Yvonne Priest

Is the daughter of Major-Gen. R. Priest, Consulting Physician to the Army, and Mrs. Priest, of 10, Vincent Square, S.W.1, and is engaged to Fl. Lt. Norman Gilbart-Smith, R.A.F., son of C. Gilbart-Smith, Chief Inspector, Ministry of Education, Egypt, and Mrs. Elena Gilbart-Smith, of Latimer Court, W.

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Large size 1 gn. extra.

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for cocktail time

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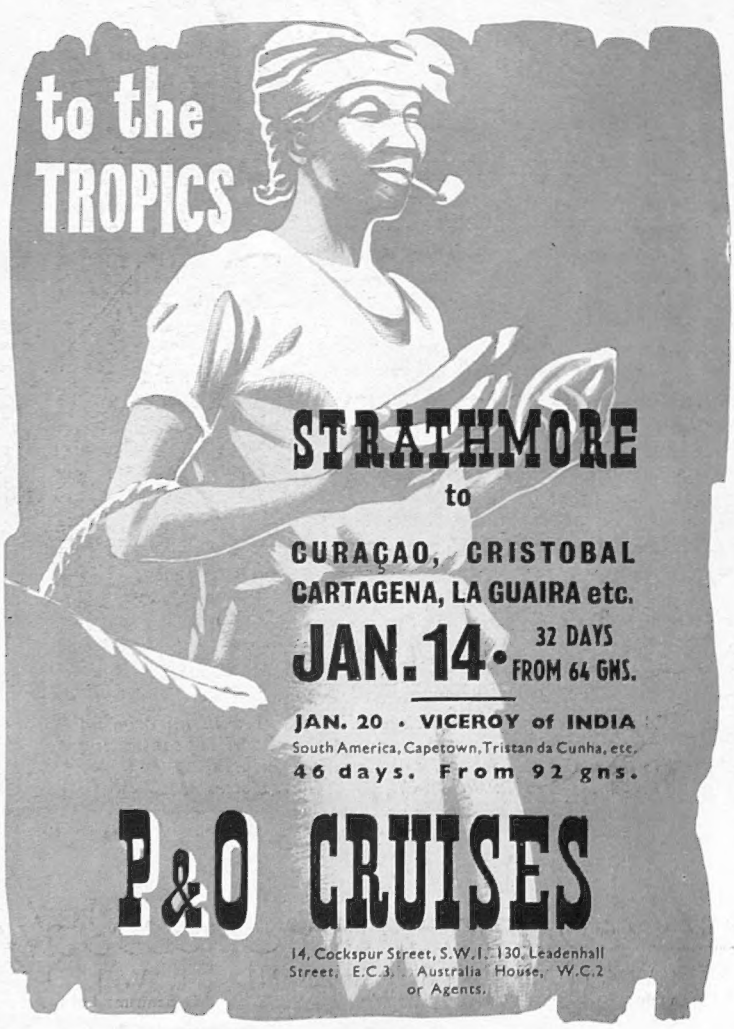
Harrods



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The richly emollient and refining lather of Cuticura Soap penetrates the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty.

To heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura brand Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath, dust all over with superfine Cuticura Talcum.

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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Pontresina.—Sport Hotel Pontresina.—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout. Full pension from Frs. 15.

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From the designs of G. H. Davis (special artist of *The Illustrated London News*) have been produced accurate-to-scale working models of H.M.S. NELSON and R.M.S. QUEEN MARY. A powerful electric motor is fitted and the models float perfectly. The price is very moderate considering the fine workmanship. When you are unable to use your models on the water you can manœuvre them by hand, using mobile trolleys which can be supplied at an extra cost of 2/-

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